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## JANE WELSH CARLYLE keeps her heart up with Guinness

Chelsea  
Thursday, August 5th, 1852

I... resolved *not* to stay all day and night at Frome, but to take a Yeovil coach, which started at five and which would take me, I was told, to a wayside inn within eight miles of Sherborne, and there I hoped to find a fly "*or something*". Meanwhile I would proceed to the town of Frome, a mile from the station, and get something to eat, and even drink, "feeling it my duty" to keep my heart up by all needful appliances. I left my little bag at the station, where the coach came, and set my dog quite free, and we pursued our way as calmly and naturally as if we had known where we were going.

... I saw several inns, and chose "The George" for its name's sake. I walked in and asked to have some cold meat and a pint bottle of Guinness's porter. They brought me some cold lamb... I ate bread, however, and drank all the porter.

*From "Jane Welsh Carlyle—A New Selection of her Letters" (arranged by Trudy Bliss), p. 229.*

MRS. CARLYLE'S lively epistolary style is a good index of her vigorous and independent personality. She was certainly undaunted by the sequence of precarious connexions then involved in a cross country journey (relying for the last eight miles on "a fly, or something").

Journeys of this sort must have made Guinness doubly welcome to the traveller, especially in August. Bread and Guinness, as Mrs. Carlyle found, is at all times almost a meal in itself. 'Porter', incidentally, seems to have been used loosely for 'stout', and it was probably with Guinness's Stout that she kept her heart up.

Stone bottles, like the one in the picture, were in general use for Guinness and other bottled brews, until about the middle of the 19th Century.



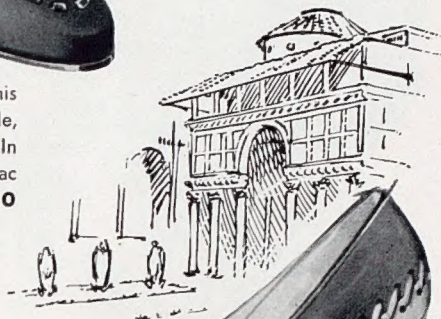
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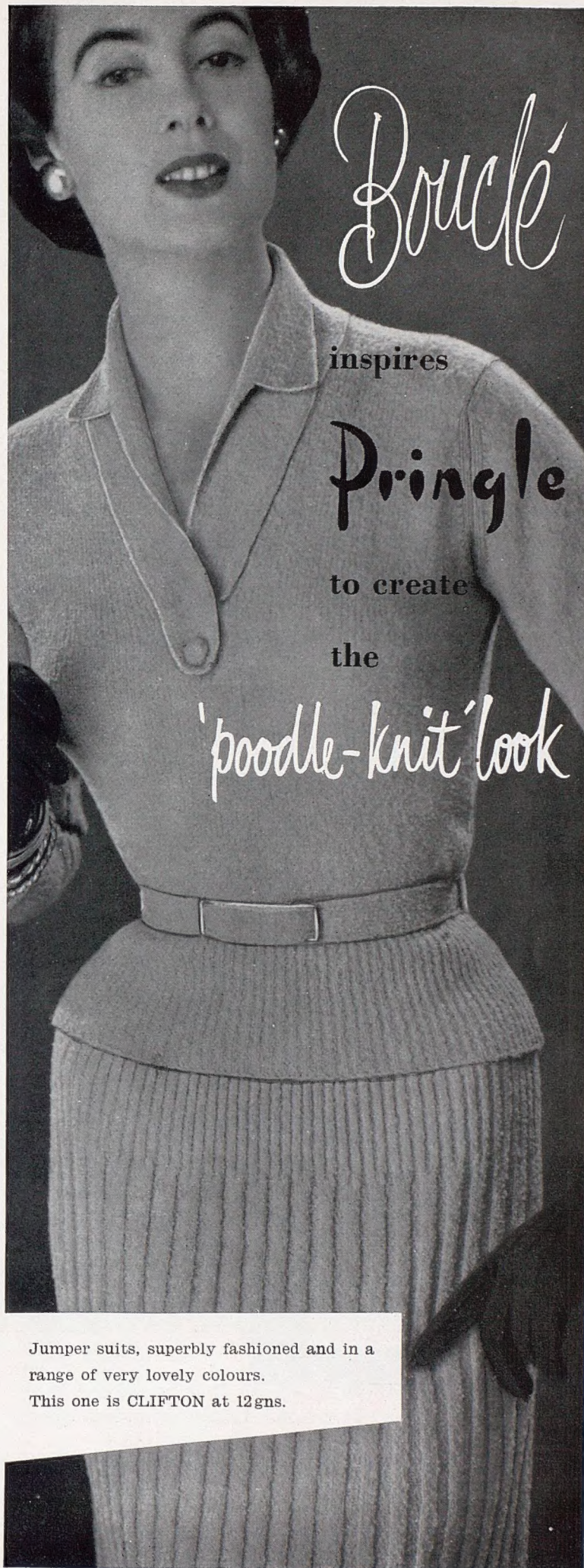
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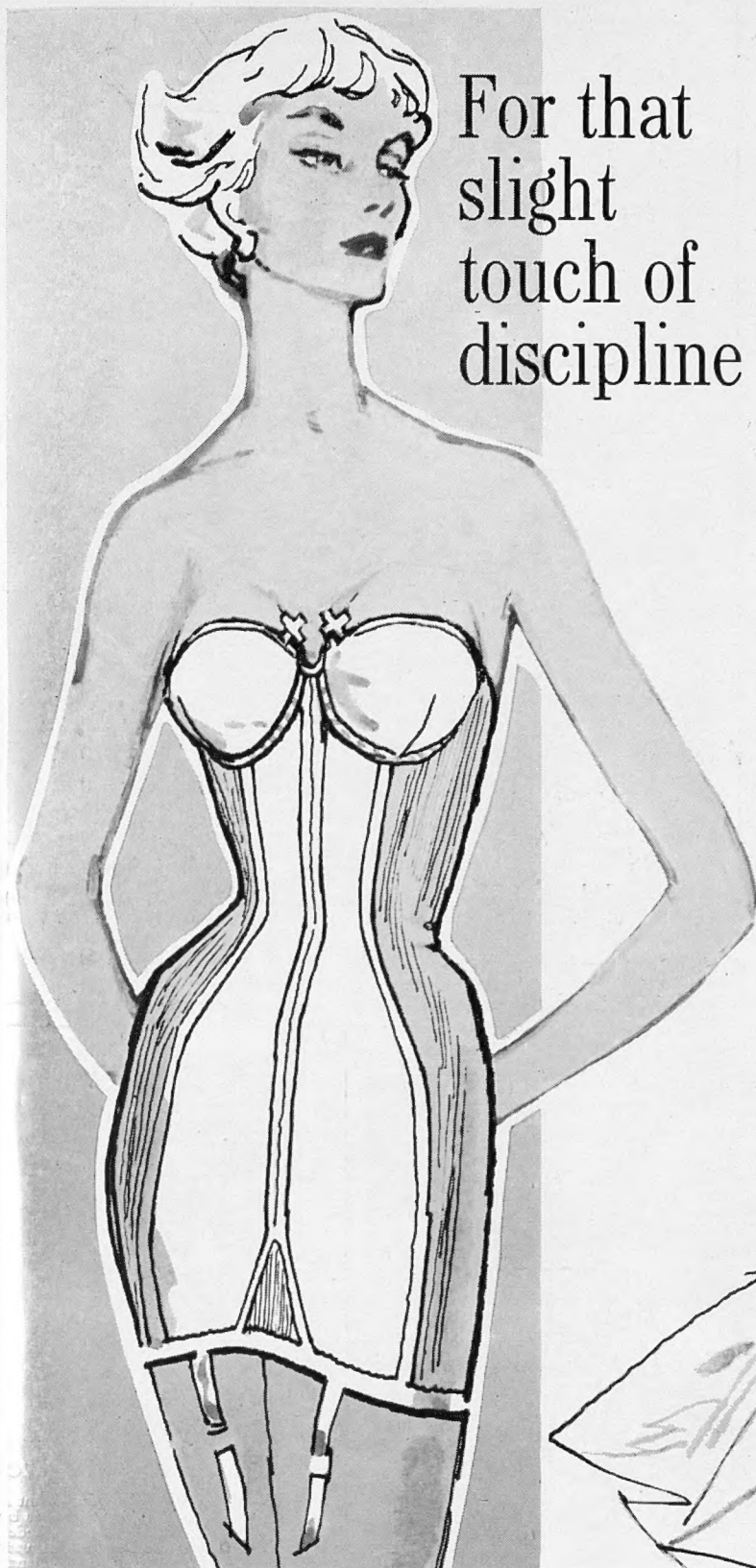
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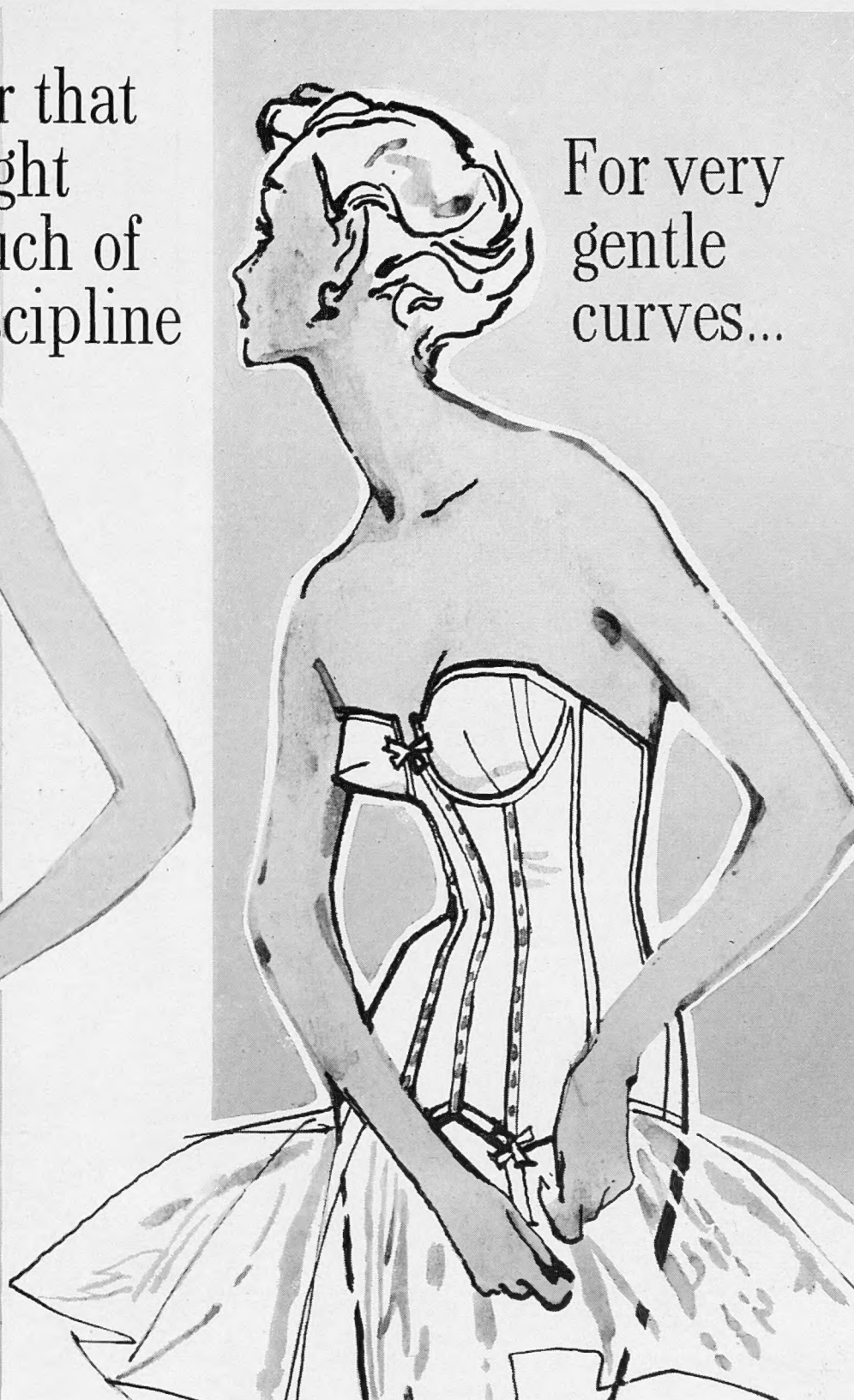


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[3P 124]

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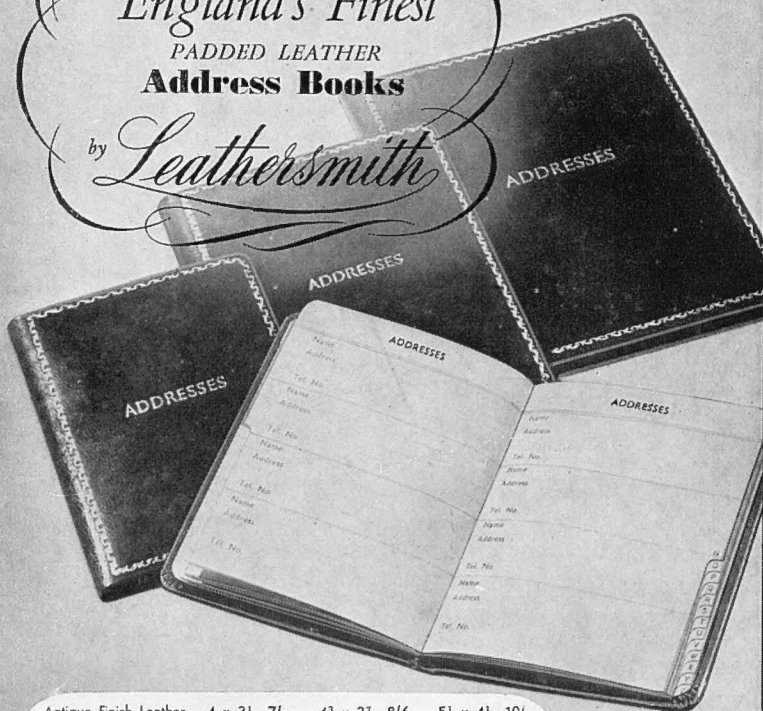
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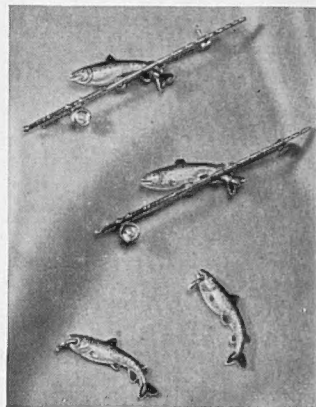


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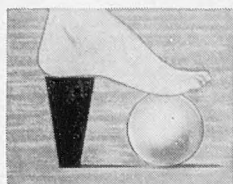
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## To be a summer bride

MISS JOANNA WOODALL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Woodall, of Hampstead, is to marry the Hon. Richard Windsor Clive, who is a brother of the Earl of Plymouth, in May or June this year. Miss Woodall, who will be twenty this month, is an unusually accomplished pianist and at one time contemplated a musical career. She and her future husband will make their home in London after their marriage.





Swaebe

## A very young musician calls the tune

THE Hon. Serena Fairfax is the three-year-old daughter of Lord and Lady Fairfax of Cameron. Her father, who is the thirteenth baron, was appointed Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen last December. Her mother is the daughter of the late Capt. Cecil Gunston, M.C. The Fairfax of Cameron title dates back to 1627 in the Scottish peerage. They are a noted Cromwellian family for the second baron and Parliamentary general defeated Prince Rupert at Marston Moor, while the third Lord Fairfax gained the celebrated victory at Naseby

*The Hon. Serena Fairfax  
plays an old harmonium*





Eric Coop

## LADY MELGUND AND HER SON

VISCOUNTESS MELGUND and her son, the Hon. Timothy Elliot, aged fourteen months. Her husband, who is a captain in the Scots Guards, is A.D.C. to the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and is the Earl of Minto's son and heir. Before her marriage in 1952, Lady Melgund was Lady Caroline Child-Villiers, and is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Jersey. The Melgunds' home is in Wilton Place

*Social Journal*

*Jennifer*

## PRESENTATION PARTY WEEK

RETURNING to London on the eve of the first Royal presentation party at Buckingham Palace, one felt it might be a week in the middle of the season, so much private entertaining had been arranged. At the first party about five hundred débutantes made their curtsy to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, who sat on chairs of state in the vast gold and cream State Ballroom. Her Majesty wore a pale pink shantung dress and a little rose-trimmed hat to match. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Princess Royal sat near the Queen.

The following afternoon, when a similar number of débutantes were presented, the Queen's dress was a yellow shot silk, and her

hat was of yellow tulle with a black velvet crown, an ensemble she had worn at Royal Ascot last summer. The Duke of Edinburgh was in naval uniform. With them were the Duchess of Kent in navy blue and Princess Alexandra, who looked sweet in a flame coloured taffeta dress with a little velvet hat to match. The first débutante to make her curtsy that afternoon was Miss Rohais Anderson who was presented by her mother Lady Flavia Anderson.

ON the eve of the first presentation party there were several cocktail parties, including the one which Mrs. Scott-Miller gave for her débutante niece Miss Aphra Fetherstonhaugh jointly with Mrs. James Barttelot for her débutante daughter Carol,

Mrs. Howard Aykroyd's for her daughter Jan, and the very big one Lady Roborough and Lady Molesworth St. Aubyn gave for their daughters the Hon. Myra Lopes and Miss Prudence Molesworth St. Aubyn at Lord Clifden's lovely home in Belgrave Square.

AT this party Myra and Prudence who are both extremely attractive girls, stood with their mothers for nearly two hours receiving their guests, a charming gesture of good manners, and one which meant that everyone met the girls for whom the party was being given.

Here I met the Countess of Londesborough, desolate that her daughter Lady Zinnia Denison had chicken pox and so was missing her presentation to the

[Continued overleaf]





## DÉBUTANTE COCKTAILS

MRS. GEORGE SPICE and Mrs. Derek Moore-Brabazon gave a cocktail party for their daughters, Miss Maureen Spice and Miss Kristin Krabbe, at the Savoy after their presentation

*Left: Mr. Ian Henderson and Miss Venelia Henderson who was presented at Buckingham Palace on the following day*

*Right: Miss Rita Blum and Mr. H. J. R. Huysman who had both come over from Amsterdam for this occasion*



## Continuing The Social Journal

### Princess Alexandra at a dinner-dance

Queen and all the parties that week. Viscountess Stonehaven was also there. She has taken a house in London from the beginning of May and will be entertaining for her daughter the Hon. Diana Baird, for whom she is giving a dance jointly with Lady Hawke on June 28. Other guests were Mrs. Douglas Forster and her daughter Tessa, Mrs. Elizabeth Musker and her daughter Penelope, and Mrs. Cyril Egerton who had her débutante step-daughter Miss Lucy Egerton with her. Mrs. Egerton is sharing a dance with the Countess of Malmesbury for Lucy and the Countess's daughter Lady Nell Harris, and this is taking place on July 2 at Lord Dorchester's house, Greywell Hill, near Basingstoke.

★ ★ ★

LATER that evening I went to the first débutante dance of the season. This was given by Viscountess Harcourt together with Lady Margaret Douglas-Home for the Hon. Virginia Harcourt, Miss Fiona Douglas-Home and Lady Harcourt's niece Miss Sally Snagge, at the Hyde Park Hotel. It was exceptionally well done and tremendously gay. As Viscount and Viscountess Harcourt are living in Washington, where he has a Government appointment, and so were only home for a short while round the time of the presentation parties, much of the arranging of the dance had been done by Lady Margaret Douglas-Home, one of Lady Harcourt's closest friends, whose own charming and pretty daughter Fiona first made her début at some of the dances last season.

Virginia is going to stay with Lady Margaret and Fiona in London during the season while Lord and Lady Harcourt are both in Washington.

Looking radiantly excited Virginia, a pretty fair-haired girl, wore a white honeycomb organza dress at her dance, while Lady Harcourt looked extremely chic in black with a black and white gauze stole, a parrure of magnificent diamonds on her dress, diamond

ear-rings and other lovely jewels. She was a wonderful hostess and tireless in introducing her débutante guests to the young men.

This was a dinner-dance and the Duke of Kent and his sister Princess Alexandra were among the numerous young people who dined at small candlelit tables. With the exception of a very few near relations, none of the older guests were invited until eleven—an excellent and unusual idea.

WHEN I arrived just before midnight, among those I saw dancing gaily were Miss Jane Sheffield partnered by Sir Nicholas Nuttall, the Hon. Diana Herbert, Miss Fiona Douglas-Home, Miss Elizabeth Abel Smith, who is a great friend of Princess Alexandra and came out last season, Miss Mary Gold dancing with the Hon. John Denison-Pender, the Hon. Susan Scott-Ellis looking enchanting in yellow, Lord O'Neil,

Miss Anne Doughty-Tichborne, so like her very pretty mother Lady (Anthony) Doughty-Tichborne, Lady Harcourt's sister, who was also at the dance and wearing a lovely grey chiffon dress cleverly shirred. I saw, too, the Marquess of Hertford, Mr. Nicholas Eden, Miss Virginia Llewellyn, Miss Richenda Gurney, Miss Camilla Straight, Lord Nicholas Gordon-Lennox, and Miss Sheelin Maxwell looking most attractive in one of the prettiest dresses there, made of pale yellow patterned organza. Miss Maxwell, who was dancing with Mr. Gibbs, came with her uncle and aunt Major and the Hon. Mrs. Mark Milbanke who have taken a house in Chester Street and are entertaining for her this season.

Several of last year's débutantes were at this very good dance which started off a very gay week with great *éclat*. They included Miss Caroline York in red velvet and Miss Fiona Munro who is working hard at her secretarial course. Lord Harcourt was there, and his sister the Hon. Mrs. James Baird whom I saw in the centre of a group of friends, also Major Philip and Lady Margaret Hay. I met Lady Harcourt's very charming mother, Baroness Rushcliffe, the American Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich who were meeting many friends, Mrs. Andrew Scott, the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, the latter in white with lovely diamonds, Lady Daphne Straight, Lord and Lady Pender, and Countess Cadogan, whose débutante daughter Lady Sarah Cadogan was dancing all the evening.

★ ★ ★

THE following evening there were at least four cocktail parties for débutantes. Lady Glentoran gave a very enjoyable one at Claridge's for her daughter the Hon. Clare Dixon, who looked very sweet in a green and white check dress. Lord Glentoran had come over from Northern Ireland to help his wife and daughter to look after their guests, who included Princess Alexandra. The Princess always looks fresh and gay and clearly enjoys these parties. On this occasion she wore a blue faille dress, and was accompanied by her very charming lady-in-waiting Lady Moyra Hamilton. Here I met Lord and Lady Howard de Walden who brought the Hon. Susan Scott-Ellis, Lady Tweedsmuir and her débutante daughter Miss Ann Grant, Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon and her daughter Jennifer, and many of the débutantes I have already mentioned.



*Miss Maureen Spice of Wintney Court, Hartley Wintney, Hants, and Miss Kristin Krabbe, daughter of Mrs. Derek Moore-Brabazon for whom the Savoy party was given*



I also went to the delightful party Lady Helen Berry gave that evening in the Orchid Room at the Dorchester for her pretty débutante daughter Miss Jane Berry. Mr. Lionel Berry was helping his wife and their elder daughter Mary Ann was also there. Here, besides friends I had met at the other parties I met Sir John and Lady Child talking to Lady Huggins whose youngest daughter Ruth makes her début this year, Mr. Peter and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield whose daughter Sara will be a débutante next year, Sir Alan and Lady Adair who gave a small dance the following evening for their daughter Annabel at their home in Green Street, which Princess Alexandra also attended, the Hon. Mrs. Casey and her pretty daughter Bridget, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gage and their daughter Elizabeth and Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Crawley and their daughter Henrietta.

★ ★ ★

LADY HORSBROUGH-PORTER, Mrs. Lord and Mrs. Browne-Clayton also gave a joint cocktail party for their débutante daughters that evening at the Cavalry Club, and Lady Heald had one in Park Street. On the Friday night there was the very enjoyable party which Mrs. Graeme Whitelaw and Mrs. Steuart-Menzies gave jointly at Claridge's for their débutante daughters Sally Whitelaw and Mariota Steuart-Menzies which was a very gay affair and attended by many of the young people I have already mentioned. Sally Whitelaw is having her coming-out dance at their Scottish home, Knockando House in Morayshire, on September 9, during what promises to be a very gay week in the north. At this cocktail party I also met Mr. Whitelaw's elder daughter Jane, now Mrs. Laurence Rook, with her husband Major Laurence Rook the Olympic rider. Both are shortly off to South Africa where he is to judge at an equestrian event. Others I saw were Mr. William Pilkington, joint-Master of the Bicester Hounds, with his wife and their débutante daughter Verity-Ann who was talking to Miss Philippa Nickalls, Miss Vanessa Marsh who came with her mother Mrs. Geoffrey Akroyd, Lord Patrick Beresford, Mr. Obbie Waller and Mr. Euan McCorquodale.

Later that evening the Queen gave an informal little "welcome home" party for Princess Margaret at Buckingham Palace which took the form of a very small dance for just over a hundred guests, mostly close friends of Princess Margaret.

This brought to a close a very happy week of entertaining for young people, during which Princess Margaret arrived back safely from her very successful tour of the West Indies and Bahamas.

★ ★ ★

THE Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the latter in black velvet with long pink suede gloves, attended the Horse and Hound Ball at Grosvenor House. This was held to raise funds for the Hunters Improvement Society, of which the Duke of Gloucester is President, and the International Equestrian Fund. This Ball has become one of the most important of the year for horse lovers, and is always a bright and happy evening. Among those who enjoyed it this year were the Duke of Beaufort, Viscount Knutsford and Earl and Countess Fortescue, all consistent judges of hunters at horse shows throughout the summer. Also Earl Bathurst, Capt. John and Lady Rose Macdonald-Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Marsh and Betty Lady Glanusk, who is kindly lending Glanusk Park in Monmouthshire for One-Day Horse Trials on April 14.

These will be the first of their kind in Wales, where they are having a truly "horsey" week,

[Continued overleaf]



Many débutantes who had made their bow were the centre of supper parties in the West End. Here at the Savoy were Lady Ropner, Sir Leonard Ropner, M.P., Miss Margaret Schofield, Mr. Torquil Norman, Miss Susan Ropner, Mr. William Ropner, Miss Rosemary Haggie and Capt. Allan Findlay

## AFTER THE PALACE —WEST END DINERS



Miss Gillian Duckworth and Miss Jennifer Russell-Parsons, who had both been presented that day, were here escorted by Mr. Benedict Fenwick (left) and Mr. Peter Duckworth



Miss Susan Hickman, Mr. R. Salisbury-Jones, Miss Belinda Bristowe, Mr. N. Smith, Miss Angela Searle and Mr. Colin Stewart



Miss Robina Lund, Sir Edwin Herbert, President of the Alpine Club, Mrs. Thomas Lund, Lady Herbert and Mr. Lund



Miss Magdalene Weld, Mr. D. R. MacDonald (left), Mr. J. Wilbraham, Miss C. Weld, Miss R. Bede-Cox and Capt. B. Mills



## Continuing The Social Journal

Cheshire friends at  
a London wedding

as on Monday and Tuesday, April 11 and 12, there are Chepstow Races, on Wednesday 13 the Pony Club's Paper Chase, Thursday 14 the Glanusk One-Day Trials, a local point-to-point on Friday and a meet of the Monmouthshire Hounds "to finish the season" on Saturday!

★ ★ ★

**M**R. AND MRS. J. SHORE held a reception at Londonderry House after the marriage of their daughter Helen to Sir Evelyn Delves Broughton, son of the late Sir Henry Delves Broughton and Vera Lady Broughton. Many friends from Cheshire, where the bride and bridegroom will make their home for part of the year, came to wish them luck. The bride looked charming in an embroidered white satin gown, her tulle veil being held in place by a diamond tiara, while the bridegroom's mother wore a cherry red hat and blue faille dress. I met his aunt, Lady Spickernell, Mrs. Scott-Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dennis—he was best man—Miss Forester, the Hon. Mrs. Burns, very bronzed after her flying trip around part of the world, the Hon. Mrs. Rodney Berry, the beautiful Comtesse Hélène Tatistcheff who came with Mr. Derek Stanley Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Byron. After the reception Sir Evelyn and Lady Delves Broughton went off for their honeymoon to the warm sunshine of Madeira.

★ ★ ★

**A**FTER my recent brief visit to Rome, I flew back to Nice to spend a few more days on the Riviera. I spent the first night at "La Reserve" at Beaulieu-sur-Mer, which I had always heard was one of the most comfortable and luxurious hotels in Europe. It certainly lived up to that reputation. Built right on the sea and smaller than many of the hotels along this coast, it has only thirty bedrooms (all with private bathrooms), mostly looking over the Mediterranean, and two luxury suites. It has a most pleasant and personal atmosphere, and you feel you are in a luxurious private house rather than a hotel. Much of the décor, which is individual, is copied from the Italian Renaissance, and I know of no more beautiful dining-room than the cream and gold one here, with huge windows overlooking the sea, and lit at night by numerous crystal chandeliers.

In the summer many visitors staying at other resorts, and in private villas around, come to swim in the crystal pool and then lunch on the adjoining terrace, or in the beautiful dining-room where the cuisine is superb the whole year round. Contrary to some stories I had heard our lunch and dinner, which were both delicious, cost no more than at other top class hotel restaurants on this coast.

Consul and Mrs. Jack Salem, who were on their way to Australia, and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. "Boy" Wignall who were out from England for a short holiday were among the guests enjoying the quiet and real comfort of this unique spot that evening. From here I went on for a few days in Monte Carlo about which I have not space to write until next week.

★ ★ ★

**B**REAK weather conditions necessitated the last moment postponement of the opening day of the National Hunt Festival at Cheltenham, causing a certain amount of

chaos all round. The car park officials guided hundreds of cars in and said no decision had yet been made, and even the officials at the gate to the Members' Enclosure had had no notification that racing was "off" until just after midday, less than an hour and a half before the first race. This was owing to the fact that in spite of snow and ice in many parts of the country, Cheltenham had escaped up to late on the very first morning of the meeting.

At 9 a.m. that day the stewards had inspected the course and pronounced it fit to race. Race trains left London and Midland cities, crowded with enthusiasts, and those having some distance to come by car began their journeys all hopeful of an enjoyable day. Unfortunately, conditions quickly changed in the district. By 11 a.m. it was snowing hard, so fast and wind-driven that soon everywhere was white, with an inch or so lying on the ground. Visibility became terribly bad and the hope of racing that day vanished like a flash. Many hundreds of cars were already in the car parks, and a few people were in the stands which looked very sad and deserted.

**I** SAW among the few early arrivals the Hon. Mrs. Wentworth Beaumont, and Judge Wylie from Ireland, enjoying an early luncheon with his hostess, Lady Anne Holland-Martin in the large corner box in which Mr. Christopher Holland-Martin and his brother, Mr. "Ruby" Holland-Martin, always entertain their many friends. Capt. and Mrs. Charles Radclyffe, Major "Copper" Blacket, Miss Jane Reid down from Malpas, Mr. Dick Wilkins, Sir Nigel and Lady Mordaunt, the latter well wrapped up in smart and sensible red tweeds, Mr. Jack Thursby, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Lawrence and Brig. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower were others I saw in the Members, before they went home hoping, like everyone else, for racing on the two remaining days. Both the Queen and the Queen Mother were present on the next day, when racing was possible, and I hope to write about this next week.

★ ★ ★

**F**ROM friends in Nassau I hear that the season there has been one of the gayest on record. It was no doubt enhanced by the brief visit of Princess Margaret when she stayed with Lord and Lady Ranfurly at Government House. There has been much entertaining at many lovely homes on the island, the new Emerald Beach Hotel was an immediate success, and like the other older hotels has been packed, and all the B.O.A.C. services from New York to the Isles of June have been well patronized.

Some of the visitors from England prefer the direct service that leaves London on Monday evenings and gets into Nassau on Tuesday afternoon. Those that travelled on B.O.A.C. Stratocruisers via New York, and had the time to spend a night or two there, all tried to see the latest Broadway hit, *The House Of Flowers*, a robustly colourful musical with décor by Oliver Messel.

Sir Francis and Lady Peek have had a succession of friends staying with them at their enchanting house right in Nassau, and Lady Baillie had a house party at her home on Hog Island, including the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford, Viscount Margesson and Capt. Guy Lambert.

Lady Thomas stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sigrist, while Sir Miles Thomas flew down to Trinidad and Barbados on business. Mrs. Robert Holt had returned from a three months visit to Europe and reopened her lovely home Bali-Hi, out at Lyford Cay, where she once again had her big Sunday luncheon and bathing parties.



"HORSE AND HOUND" gave a ball at Grosvenor House, at which the Duchess of Gloucester is seen presenting the Cup to the winner of the horn-blowing contest, Mr. G. P. Roffe-Silvester of the Tiverton. Looking on are Mr. W. O. Case, Mr. D. Williams and the Duke of Beaufort



Mr. Dorian Williams, Master of the Grafton, was sitting next to Miss Pat Smythe, Britain's most celebrated woman rider



The Hon. George Bathurst, who is Earl Bathurst's only brother, was chatting to Miss Lavinia Day at this excellent ball





Baron

**In the salon at Petworth :**  
**MRS. JOHN WYNDHAM**

**M**R. JOHN WYNDHAM, seen in the salon of Petworth House, Sussex, is the wife of Mr. John E. R. Wyndham, M.B.E., whose beautiful house is famous for its fine collection of pictures made by George O'Brien Wyndham, 5th Earl of Egremont. Mrs. Wyndham, whose husband is a nephew of Lord Leconfield, is a daughter of the Hon. V. M. W. Wyndham-Quin, brother of the Earl of Dunraven. She designs many of her own clothes and is one of the most elegant women in England. The Wyndhams have two children, a son born in 1948 and a four-year-old daughter





Elliott &amp; Fry

The author of this article is a Younger Brother of Trinity House, and a Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords. He was in command of the Minesweeping Forces in the invasion area of the Channel in 1944

## THE OUTLAW OF THE HIGHWAYS HAS A TRIUMPHANT JUBILEE

**CAPTAIN THE RT. HON. LORD TEYNHAM, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N. (retired),** *who is Chairman of the Automobile Association, tells of its rise from a one-room office to a national institution with international contacts*



Some of the first A.A. scouts to be employed on the Portsmouth Road, a particularly dangerous route for motorists of the early days



This TATLER picture of 1905 shows the honeymoon carriage of Major-General and Mrs. Douglas Haig leaving Buckingham Palace where they were married in the private chapel

**T**HIS year the Automobile Association celebrates the jubilee of its foundation. It has 1½ million members and is by far the largest motoring organization in the world. It began in the days when the brougham was still the vehicle in which gentlemen drove to their clubs in St. James's, and hansoms rattled round Piccadilly Circus. At that time newspapers were distributed from Fleet Street by high, two-wheeled carts and boys on pedal cycles.

Motorists there were—a courageous few—who were not discouraged by the public disapproval of their new-fangled and noisy vehicles. These people, declared popular opinion, must be discouraged, and ready to hand for their discouragement was an Act of Parliament, and, what was more, a police force eager to enforce it.

The Motor Car Act of 1903 imposed a speed limit of 20 m.p.h. on all vehicles on all roads, and it was ruthlessly enforced against motorists. This was bad enough but what was worse was that the methods used by the police to secure convictions were open to question. Constables were known to buy their own stop-watches, sometimes for as little as 2s. 9d., so eager were they to trap motorists; furlongs were found not always to be furlongs when measured; but the authority of police evidence, allied to the antipathy of the horse-loving Edwardian magistrates to the new motor-cars, made conviction certain. This general attitude was well expressed by a magistrate who observed in court: "Whatever the evidence in this case, these motorists have no right to be on the road."

**I**T was at the height of this persecution in 1905 that a small group of motorists decided to employ, at their own expense, a number of cyclists to patrol the roads at weekends and report the whereabouts of police traps. These cyclists, recruited from Fleet Street news boys, were in fact the first A.A. patrol men. For obvious reasons they were then, and for many years afterwards, called scouts.

They did their job well. In a few months the number of convictions dropped. The motorists who employed them appealed to the motoring community throughout the country to give their support, a secretary—the late Sir Stenson Cooke—was appointed and in August, 1905, the Automobile Association was founded with ninety members and £100 in the bank.

Now, the Automobile Association employs an army of patrols who regularly cover all the main roads throughout the country. Yet it is but fifty years since it began so humbly in a one-room office at 18 Fleet Street, lent by the late Amery-Parkes, a founder member. He

also lent the organization its first typewriter.

But for the resolution of the men behind it, the Association would have died in its infancy and even the theft of the stamps for the day's correspondence by an absconding office boy was a blow to its meagre finances. A greater blow was to come.

**O**NE day, only a month after the formation of the Association, a motorist was travelling uphill along a stretch of the Portsmouth Road known as the Fairmile. He was timed in a police trap and told he would be prosecuted. Behind him all the way had been an A.A. scout on his bicycle and as pedal cycles cannot move at 20 m.p.h. up hill, here, for the first time, was a valuable piece of corroborative evidence to support the motorist's defence.

The scout was put in the witness box. The bench was unmoved; the motorist was fined as usual. That result was depressing enough for the newly formed A.A., but worse was to come. A few weeks later the scout was arrested and charged with perjury. He was tried at Guildford Assizes, and acquitted. From that moment the A.A. was set upon the road to success. It had fought the case for the scout without funds. When an appeal was made it was answered immediately and generously by grateful motorists all over the country.

Today in the courts, the Association still has to oppose the police on behalf of its members—that is one of its most important functions—but it does so without rancour. In 1905 no police officer would have been regarded as a proper associate for any motorist. At this year's Jubilee celebrations senior police officers will be amongst the most honoured guests. To have secured the respect of the police, while never hesitating to defend motorists against their evidence in court, is one of the Association's achievements of which I feel members can be most proud.

**F**IRST of the events with which the Association is marking this Jubilee year is the re-enactment of the Guards Drive to Hastings which took place in 1909. By then the Association was well established, with eight thousand members and with about one hundred scouts on its pay roll; but there was still hostility to motorists in many quarters, still a belief that these new machines were but the playthings of a few cranks and could only be used for pleasure. The A.A. determined to take spectacular action to show that motor-cars could be used for wider purposes than family outings.

The War Office agreed to co-operate with the A.A. in a movement of troops by motor-car. A.A. members lent their cars, and on March 17, 1909, detachments of Guardsmen were driven from London to Hastings.





A section of the column nearing its objective in the "Guards to Hastings Run," organized in 1909 to stimulate interest in the military possibilities of the motor-car, at that time not realized

The demonstration was a complete success. But, of course, there were as always the doubters. "Every soldier," said one newspaper, "is trained to handle a horse, but if the soldier-drivers of motor-cars are killed, all military transport will be put out of action for it is not to be expected that many soldiers can be taught to drive these vehicles."

Only five years later the Association appealed to its 85,000 members for the use of their motor-cars and in the first few weeks of World War One nearly 20,000 cars were offered for all sorts of military purposes.

The original drive to Hastings was led by Mr. F. S. Bennett. On March 19, as President of the Veteran Car Club, he will lead the procession once again. This time it will be followed by a representative selection of the most modern military vehicles to show the developments which have taken place in the intervening forty-six years. There will be a drive past along the front at Hastings and the salute will be taken by the Mayor, Alderman F. T. Hussey, J.P., supported by senior Army officers and leading motoring personalities. It must be a matter of pride to every member of our Association that such great strides have been made within such a comparatively short span.

**A**FTER its early struggles for the acceptance of motoring the A.A. changed from an organization primarily concerned with protecting members from police persecution, to a vast but still friendly and personal machine for serving them. As motoring became more popular, routes from point to point became a necessity. That service was started in 1912. The yellow signs denoting that a hotel was appointed by the Association were first used in 1909 and three years later the first roadside telephone box was erected. It is more than thirty years since A.A. patrols were equipped with motor-cycles to replace their original bicycles.

Few of the three million motorists driving along the roads today realize as they pass the numerous petrol stations that these indispensable aids to modern road travel were the original idea of the A.A. in 1920. The

Association, indeed, ran its own filling stations for a time, until by arrangement they were taken over by the motor trade.

**S**ERVICES inaugurated by the Association which had started from such humble beginnings continued steadily to increase until, by 1939, there was practically no motoring problem which the A.A. could not help a member to solve. If he was summoned for a motoring offence, he was defended free. If he discovered in Ireland that his fishing rod had dropped off the roof of his car on the journey to Holyhead, the A.A. was willing to search for it and return it. If his car was damaged through no fault of his in a way which was not covered by his insurance, the A.A. legal department was ready to help. If he thought a hotel or garage had overcharged him, the A.A. took the matter up with the management. He was provided free with routes to any place in the world and he had always at call the road patrols waiting to serve him in a multitude of ways when on a journey. In that year the membership rose to over 730,000.

**O**VER all these years the khaki uniform of the A.A. patrols was seen on more and more roads, and it was the resource and good humour of the individual patrol which had, more than any other single factor, gained the goodwill and support of the public.


Many are the amusing stories told by patrols of their experiences. I quote only one. On this occasion a member, worried by an insistent ticking noise in his car, asked a patrol to investigate. He did so, but could find nothing unusual. He ran the engine, checked suspension, bodywork and transmission, and even went for a drive with the member, but could find no explanation. What was more mysterious still, the member could

hear the noise even when the engine had been switched off. No wonder. The patrol eventually located a fault in the member's hearing aid!

When World War Two broke out the Association immediately lost the services of eight hundred patrols who had been quietly training in the Supplementary Reserve of the Corps of Royal Military Police. It was they who guided the British Expeditionary Force across France and played a gallant part in the disaster of Dunkirk. Many of these men served throughout the war, taking part in the D-day landings in Normandy.

**T**HE activities of the A.A. today are too well known to need any detailed description from me. But in the forefront of our programme is the rapid expansion of our twenty-four hour emergency services and radio network linking patrols and night breakdown vehicles with their headquarters. This network already stretches from the Clyde to the South Coast and is in operation in London and most of the big provincial centres.

It may be said that in its comparatively short career the A.A. has grown from an outlaw, a band of conspirators, to a national institution almost as well known as the Post Office. Our Jubilee will be fittingly celebrated by further events which will be announced later, but our chief objective in this memorable year will be to find new ways of giving more and better services to our members



Wednesday, March 17th, 1909.  
(St. PATRICK'S DAY)

## A BATTALION

OF HIS MAJESTY'S GUARDS  
WITH TRANSPORT

Will pass along the Hastings Road **TO-DAY**  
returning to London in the afternoon.

IT IS BEING CONVERTED IN SEVERAL HUNDRED

## MOTOR CARS.

Will all Drivers, Cyclists, & Pedestrians  
Kindly keep as closely as possible to the near side of the road as the Cars go by.

THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION,  
PRINCES BUILDINGS,  
COVENTRY STREET,  
LONDON, W.





# Roundabout

—Paul Holt



**M**Y favourite débutante, Deirdre, went to her first cocktail party of the season the other night and she was mightily impressed.

In the first place, it was in a good cause and Deirdre is still convinced that glamour goes with good works.

The party was in a big, comfortable house off Kensington Gore and it was given by kindly people who feel sorry for out-of-work actors and actresses.

Everybody kept on saying to Deirdre, "Of course, I have nothing to do with the stage at all," and this impressed her, for they were all doing their very uttermost to help these hungry thespians.

**S**HE drank cider cup and ate popcorn while a jolly woman named Wanna Paul, sitting on the floor, was telling her about how unemployed actors have to draw unemployment pay and get work at the Labour Exchanges. They cut the grass edges in Hyde Park, wash the glasses after hours at West End restaurants and put the tops on meat pies for a living. Baby sitting is luxury work.

Then a wonderful thing happened. As she gazed around the comfortable company, who looked mostly like dutiful stockbrokers with their bright, determined wives, she saw a star. A real big one.

It was Ann Todd, so bright and brisk and *human*, if you know what I mean, and Miss Todd talked to her about her experiences at the Old Vic theatre in the Waterloo Road.

"I'm tired of insecurity. It's wonderful when you have a season in the theatre and you know that when one play comes off there's another one coming on—and you'll be in it."

**M**ISS TODD smiled so gratefully as she said this that Deirdre forgot all about washing glasses after hours. She talked to Dorothy Dickson and Doris Hare and learned that many famous artists, including Bea Lillie, Rex Harrison, Peter Ustinov, Robert Helpmann, Oliver Messel and even Feliks Topolski are to contribute to

an exhibition of paintings, sculpture and stage designs at the Ohana Galleries in Carlos Place. All proceeds are to go to the unemployed actors and A. E. Matthews has consented, at the age of eighty-five, to make his début in cabaret at the Café de Paris in the same cause.

Cause is called the Artists' Pool of Industry and the idea is an excellent one.

**A**LL these poor folk are to be relieved of the humiliation of dish-washing and given work in a factory, where they will lend dignity to the labour of packing things up and even making things at the bench at a regular weekly salary of not less than £6.

Whenever a stage job looms they will be excused the packing, but that is not so important as the fact that they are excused begging. For although players are still technically rogues and vagabonds the advantages of being called so have disappeared.

It used to be that a member of the theatrical craft could go to prison for a debt and come out after serving a term without

the need still to pay the debt. That no longer obtains, so players must be protected from the perils of debt, which all us other characters are exposed to, by other means.

This party was one means and Deirdre was aware of it.

She heard a lady with sad eyes sing risqué songs, heard Doris Hare recite in a pleasantly comical way.

It struck her as a great shame that the one really nice man she had noticed in the crowded room was the one to fall in the fireplace, but that was not to his discredit, for he was pushed, and she saw how well the new young lion of the theatre season, Kenneth Tynan, behaved. He is a critic who has taken the town.

He has a face like the hollow of a spoon and a gentle stammer.

**T**HE reason for his success is quite simple. He loves the theatre. And that is why he was there, circulating among the anxious nonentities and admiring their determination to do good in the cause of acting. He did not stay long, but Deirdre did and she saw a lot more of what was going on.

She saw a Duke arrive and be put in a corner behind a door until his fiancée was ready to make her excuses to go. She saw two young lovers sitting in a corner and talking to nobody but themselves, and discovered towards the end of the party that they had been married for all of three years.

The lessons she learned she told me. The bruises she received she forgot.

★ ★ ★

**L**ADY DOCKER is praised for playing marbles.

She should be praised for sucking her thumb, because the whole trick of marbles is the pliant thumbnail, which can only be got by the habit of sucking when a child.

Len Hutton is praised for captaining the M.C.C. so well in Australia. It





## THE GATES

Who owned this place? Once, I.  
 And now I can't help thinking that it's  
 funny,  
 Staring through these new gates at the  
 old drive  
 (Well cared for now—the blighter's got  
 some money!)—  
 Remembering the start of the dry rot  
 And wondering how he feels in spring,  
 when floods  
 Invade the cellars. . . . There's my tulip-  
 tree . . .  
 Has he thinned out those Sleeping Beauty  
 woods,  
 Detected and stopped up those whistling  
 draughts  
 That always ruined our parties? . . . Why,  
 oh why,  
 When I don't know him, do I hate him so?  
 He lives here now. Not I.

—LORNA WOOD

comes down to the same thing. Len, a forceful and modest man, flattered youth. You suck your thumb and you bowl at the wicket. The straight ball, well pitched up and searching for the stumps, will always beat the batsman who plays off his back foot.

It is simply a matter of youth.

Hutton is a man to praise because he knew that and so skilfully put his young team to work to beat the stylish Australians.

Lady Docker's attempt was frivolous and needs little applause, but Hutton's achievement was great and calls for our greatest enthusiasm.

This man, from Pudsey in Yorkshire, walks with the great ones of cricket. Sir Pelham Warner will agree.

★ ★ ★

A GROUP of seventy-five Americans, led by Helen Hayes and Tallulah Bankhead, held their first meeting in New York in an attempt to rehabilitate the reputation of the Plantagenet king of England, Richard III.

They clearly mean business.

Miss Bankhead, in typical style, sent a telegram which read:

"Libelled by history, fouled by legend, Richard III must be whitewashed and his bones find their deserved crypt in the Abbey. Let us have no shilly-shallying."

I have found no difficulty here among Plantagenet disciples in support for Miss Bankhead. Mr. Gilbert Harding, who is now recuperating from overwork, readily agrees to ask the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster for a requiem mass for this maligned English king, and Sir Laurence Olivier, who has completed his film version of Shakespeare's story of this tortured man, is aware that Miss Bankhead is after his blood.

★ ★ ★

IT is a great comfort to hear from the Prime Minister that it is his estimation that a hydrogen bomb will not, or is not likely to, drop on this country for three years.

That means we can get back to the business of living.



THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT BROOKEBOROUGH, C.B.E., M.C., D.L., J.P., who has been Prime Minister of Northern Ireland since 1943, comes of a family which has lived in Fermanagh since the sixteenth century, when the first Sir Basil Brooke, knighted by Queen Elizabeth I, left England to settle there. Lord Brookeborough's work since election to the Northern Ireland Parliament in 1929 has been recognized as an administrative and political achievement of the first order. In vastly improving the livestock and tillage position of Ulster, and later in "streamlining" its war effort, he showed immense Ministerial ability in widely different fields. But above and beyond this has been the realization of his ambition to make ever stronger the bonds between Ulster and Great Britain. Held in great affection by the people of Northern Ireland, he has great personal charm and sense of humour. As the picture implies, fishing—at his lovely Colebrooke estate in Co. Fermanagh—is one of his chief recreations from the cares of office, while he is also a fine shot and plays a very useful game of golf



## HOMAGE TO ST. DAVID BY THE WELSH IN LONDON

LEADING figures in the nation's life were present at a dinner given by the London Welsh Association at the Savoy in honour of St. David. Speeches were made recognizing the Principality's great contribution to the country's progress; and the Gwalia Girls Choir entertained the company



Left: Dr. Knapman, Mrs. Pritchard, Mr. and Mrs. Wallich and Mr. David Efrangcon-Thomas were discussing the programme before taking their places

Right: Countess Mountbatten was presented with a bouquet of daffodils by a small Welsh girl, daughter of Mr. G. R. Jones, of Finchley, watched by Mr. Harries, O.B.E., and Earl Mountbatten



Charles Adams

### DINING IN

#### Young entry excels

—Helen Burke

WE hear on all sides, generally from the older generation, that the younger folk are not interested in really good cooking and that they have not a clue as to how to prepare and cook good food. But I shall give our post-war hostesses a little pat on the back.

I have in mind, as typical, the wife of a young architect, a man of great talent who, without financial resources, is making his way quickly. She entertains his clients and prospective clients in a way which could not be improved on by a high-class restaurant. She thinks and plans. She telephones me frequently about the meals she has in mind. This past week, she has given two dinner parties (six covers each), comprising soup, fish, entrée and sweet with, of course, fruit or cheese to end the meal. And, I know, the best coffee her guests have ever enjoyed elsewhere.

THE menus? No. 1: Leek and potato soup (a special recipe she picked up in France); turbot in aspic, with salad; *Poulet Marengo* with new potatoes and green peas; ice cream (bought) garnished with fruits which she herself had preserved in brandy.

No. 2: *Petite Marmite* (because of the bones and trimmings from the *Poulet Marengo*); salmon, poached in *court bouillon*, with melted butter and wafer-thin slices of cucumber; veal in paprika cream sauce, with rice and green peas; rum-soaked Savarin, with fresh fruits poached in vanilla syrup.

How can we, unaided, serve a four-course meal? The soup can be made early in the day and re-heated when required. Turbot in aspic, being cold, can also be prepared well in advance. Incidentally, the half steaks of turbot, while coated in aspic, were each free-standing, as it were, and garnished with hearts of lettuce, dressed in oil and vinegar. The *Poulet Marengo* is also made beforehand and re-heated when the moment comes. Only the potatoes and green peas remain to be cooked and that is by no means difficult.

The ice-cream can be *Parfait Glacé Praliné*. Beat 2 to 3 oz. of crushed almond brittle into a family-size brick of ice-cream and re-freeze in the refrigerator.

FOR the second menu, any good cookery book will have a recipe for *Petite Marmite*, almost the best of all clear soups, accented with bits of meat and the tips of chicken wings. The salmon steaks are poached in *court bouillon*, without vinegar which tends to bleach the colour from the flesh. As for veal in paprika-tinted cream sauce, the recipe can also be found in any good cookery book. But I suggest that the cream be added at the last minute and not thoroughly beaten in, for there is something very attractive in the sauce's streakiness.



### DINING OUT

#### Mixing one's drinks

SUCH an astonishing motley of food and drink has been available for consumption during the last two weeks that it may be worth recording.

To start with there was a great gathering at the Soviet Embassy with a cross-section of half the peoples of the world present: officers from the navies of Britain and America, Canada and

France, many army people, diplomats, artists, journalists and nationals from many other countries; also our own Naval Attaché from the British Embassy in Moscow, Capt. G. M. Bennett, and his wife.

There was vodka galore and a very fine cold buffet. Vodka seems to have been designed to go with the Russian buffet, or perhaps it is the other way round; either way they are an excellent complement to each other.

THEN to the ballroom at Hutchinson House where the most magnificent *smorgasbord* was provided by Hr. Gosta Dahlstrom from Sweden, who was introducing a new cosmetic to England and thought this would be a good way to do it; he was right.

All the food for the *smorgasbord* had been prepared at the Savoy Hotel at Malmö and together with the Schnapps, the beer and the Swedish punch, had been flown over accompanied by Lars Lendrop, one of the directors of the Savoy, and his *maitre chef*, Bror Mansson.

At about the same time a tasting was taking place in the cellars of Edward Young and Company in Liverpool of something with which I am more familiar, the wines of Bordeaux; in this instance chiefly the wines of La Bergerie Societe Vinicole du Baron Philippe de Rothschild. The principal guests were the members of the North-Western branch of the Wine and Food Society, and an interesting talk was given by M. Michel Lefort on the wines of Château Mouton Rothschild from the time when Baron Philippe took over the management of the Château from his father in 1923.

BACK to London to a party at Trenchard House with several hundred policemen of the Special Branch; a first-class cabaret, a very adequate cold buffet, and quantities of fine English beer out of the barrel or the bottle—mild, bitter, old, light or brown—and the odd noggin of that world-famous dispeller of gloom, chills and dyspepsia from Scotland.

So there it was—vodka from Russia, Schnapps from Sweden, claret from France, beer from England, whisky from Scotland, each in its own circumstance so very suitable for the occasion.

—I. Bickerstaff



## LONDON PARTY FOR SCOTTISH DEBUTANTES

MAJOR and Mrs. G. S. L. Whitelaw, of Knockando House, Morayshire, and Mrs. R. Steuart-Menzies gave a cocktail party together for their daughters, Miss Sally Whitelaw and Miss Mariota Steuart-Menzies, at Claridges, which was greatly enjoyed by more than 250 guests



Miss Sally Whitelaw and Miss Mariota Steuart-Menzies, the young girls for whom this excellent party was given, were here in conversation with Mr. David Steuart-Menzies (left) and Mr. Maurice Lees



Miss Sarah Forster and Miss Sonia Ivory were listening intently to what Mr. David Babington had to say

Mr. J. C. Jenkinson, Lady Zinnia Denison, who is a daughter of the fourth Earl of Londesborough, and Miss Susan Wright were also among the guests

Mr. Jeremy Whitaker and Miss Gillian Buckley were watching the arrival of some of their friends at the party, to which many present and former debutantes were invited



Mrs. Lawrence Rook found that her husband's back made a good writing-desk. Major Rook is the British Olympic rider







Mme. Edwige Feuillère, the internationally famous actress of stage and screen, wearing a regal gown of cloth of gold, introduced Cheri



Mme. Madeleine Renaud and her husband M. Jean-Louis Barrault opened the show as the Ring Master and Ring Mistress

### Priscilla in Paris

## Very special circus

FOR many years now the last Saturday in February—unless it is the first in March—has been an important date in the theatre world of Paris. From midnight till dawn—one feels a little guilty about the church bells as one drives sleepily home—famous stage and screen stars don the motley and spangles of the circus and tread, instead, the uncertain surface of the sawdust ring. After weeks of arduous training they appear, for one performance only, in a circus programme that, every year, becomes more sensational.

This *Gala de l'Union des Artistes*, given to

replenish the treasury of various theatrical charities, is held at the Cirque d'Hiver. The circus stands on the site, boulevard du Temple, where Philip Astley, the "Father of the Circus," built his first amphitheatre in 1783, and when the "gentlemen-of-the-band" strike up to-day I like to think they are an echo of the "windjammers" of long ago.

Again this year the house was packed. From ring-side "starbacks" to the topmost wooden benches one saw row upon row of gorgeous frocks and furs and beautiful jewels worn by the loveliest lovelies from all over the world, for the gala is

definitely "tuppence coloured" and even one's best is hardly good enough! There is magic also in the fact that, in less than half an hour, the circus is made ready for the great event. The "ornery" Saturday evening spectators—poor dears—are pushed out as soon as possible and, behind locked doors, the mop and duster brigade take over.

Orange and banana skins, cigarette stubs and candy wrappings vanish. Flowers and plants appear; the wiring of the special illumination is connected and the doors are thrown open again. But we reach our seats in a pale, twilight glow, for it is only when the house is filled that the lights go up.

EVERY year the shock of delight is the same. We decide that we all look very, very nice and—egoists that we are—applaud ourselves accordingly. But this applause is a mere splashing of ripples on a pebble beach. It is when the show starts that we really get going.



Mlle. Espanita Cortez of the Opera-Comique ballet became a most accomplished equestrienne on the occasion of this Circus Extraordinary



Paul de Gordon

Maurice Chevalier, complete with topper, put back the clock nostalgically for many by appearing as the clown of his earlier successes





F. J. Goodman

## A ROTHSCHILD DAUGHTER

Mlle. Philippine de Rothschild is the only child of the Baron Philippe de Rothschild and was educated at Hatherop Castle, Gloucestershire. She has studied acting and has appeared successfully on the French stage. Her lovely home is in the Avenue d'Iena, Paris, where this photograph was taken

This year it was Mme. Madeleine Renaud and her husband Jean-Louis Barrault who opened the entertainment as Ring Master and — this was an innovation — Ring Mistress. Jean-Louis, wearing the traditional bright blue, brass-buttoned suit of his office, and Madeleine, dressed by Dior, in a romantic, 1830 habit of the same shade, complete with tulle draped "topper" and delightful little high-heeled boots. The indiscreet cut of the habit skirt revealed that she has "the perfect leg for a boot." J.-L. put a "dancing horse" through its paces and later, having changed into a skin-tight suit of white silk, worn with a flowing tail and mane-like head-dress, was put through his paces by the Ring Mistress.

THE illusion was charming. The graceful, spirited pony—what a fine mime our French "Hamlet" can be—guided by his lady's whip and rewarded for his performance, not by a piece of sugar, but by a cigarette. The applause was tremendous. Stormy waves on a rocky shore!

Similar applause thanked Mme. Edwige Feuillère, the *grande dame* of stage and screen. Wearing a regal gown of cloth of

gold, she presented her favourite horse Cheri, that she claimed to have trained herself. Cheri was a handsome chestnut with a lubricious eye and an ingratiating grin. Obedience was not his forte, but what could one expect from an animal whose back legs went one way while the front went another?

A DARING equestrian act brought Christine Muller and Michel François lightly skipping about on two sedately cantering rosin-backs (this being the correct term, I am told, for bare-backed horses)! We cheered them loudly but there was a note of relief in our cheers when they took their bow. Beautiful but breathtaking. Almost unbearably dangerous, done by amateurs, was Brigitte Auber and Paul Guers' "perch" act. Swinging by loops from a perch in the dome of the circus, they terrified us. (André Maurois must have felt nervous. Guers is due to create the famous writer's first play, next week, at the Comédie Française.)

The ring hands had the firemen's net out some fifteen metres below the daring young couple but, as the Irishman said: "Falling into a net one can break one's neck not so

surely, perhaps, but just as easily as if it wasn't there!" Waves of applause roared and crashed, but our insides felt a little queasy.

We breathed more easily when Maurice Chevalier put the clock back by appearing in the clownish guise of his early successes and Mischa Auer played a piano that, to his astonishment, was propelled round the arena by invisible means. In a *haute école* number, Paul Meurisse made us forget his recent horror role in Clouzot's *Diaboliques*, and lovely Espanita Cortéz showed that she can dance on a "rosin-back" as gracefully as on the stage of the Opera-Comique. There was also . . . but it is impossible, alas, to write of *all* the clever people who united, that night, to prove that ". . . all mankind's concern is charity."

## Cirque divers

● FIRST CLOWN: "Help! My old woman has swallowed a mouse! What can I do???"

THE STOOGE: "Make her swallow the cat."



## At the Theatre

# A Village Scandal

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

A PLAY may go on gripping an audience even after it has ceased to convince. This is what happens in Mr. Philip King's *Serious Charge* at the Garrick. A work of very different complexion from *Sailor Beware!* at the Strand, of which Mr. King is part-author.

A village vicar has been falsely accused by the local bad boy. He is a bachelor, artistic and a clergyman. It is only his word against the boy's, and the village begins to heave bricks through the vicarage windows. His predicament has been very well worked out and we believe in it; but having to force the issue, and not quite knowing how to do it, the author takes glaringly improbable means to bring the odious young black-mailer to book. He gives himself up to falsification and tries for excitement at all costs.

THERE is a very bad third act; and yet the excitement comes, and it has to be admitted that the drama keeps its grip to the end—an end, incidentally, which would have twice its force if the vicar went on finding it impossible to forgive those who have so lightly taken his guilt for granted.

The foundations of the story are soundly

if leisurely laid. It opens in the drawing-room which the new vicar has just done up with a nice sense of style in interior decoration. He is given a pleasant turn of wit, but Mr. Patrick McGoohan is careful to make it clear from the outset that the vicar takes his parish work seriously and is neither "arty" nor priggish. A pleasant teasing relationship exists between him and his mother, who keeps house for him, and Miss Olga Lindo gives these introductory scenes a charming comic edge.

BUT the peace of mind of the newcomers is threatened from two quarters. There is the doting spinster who sets her cap with almost desperate determination at the bachelor vicar. And there is the boy suspected by the vicar to have got one of his parishioners with child and to be morally responsible for her accidental death when she finds him making love to another girl.

Such indications are swiftly and excitingly divulged in the following act. The youth is confronted by the vicar with his moral responsibility for the girl's death. They are alone in the house and he fights back by staging the appearance of an assault. This scene is excellent theatre and ends effectively enough with the unexpected arrival of the woman whose advances the vicar has politely scorned. The only thing against it is that the village youth is so clearly an urban type of delinquent.

MR. ANTHONY WAGER plays the part extremely well, but may be wrongly cast. The sort of boy needed to carry conviction would be the black-hearted, golden-haired choir-boy looking as though butter would not melt in his mouth. The miscasting or perhaps the miswriting of the part makes difficulties for Mr. Frank Lawton. As the schoolmaster, Mr. Lawton has to give expression to the village's inclination to believe the worst of a new clergyman who is known to have "artistic" interests. The schoolmaster's readiness to suspect the vicar would be natural enough did it not involve simple faith in an obvious "wrong 'un." Mr. Lawton walks the tight-rope with much skill.



MRS. PHILLIPS (OLGA LINDO) refuses to allow the ructions in her son's parish to upset her peace of mind

Miss Victoria Hopper is good as the doting spinster in the early scenes, but neither she nor Mr. Wager can do much with the scene in which the boy is incriminating himself by pilfering notes and threatening murderous violence. All they can do is to see that the saving touch of melodramatic effectiveness in the clumsy writing is preserved until such time as the vicar and the schoolmaster arrive to wind up the melodrama with a pleasing psychological twist.

THIS comes about through the vicar's discovery that once his innocence has been established he cannot bring himself to forgive the villagers; and if he cannot forgive others their trespasses against himself, is he fit to remain vicar?

A sentimental way out of the moral dilemma is soon found, but I was left with the feeling that Mr. McGoohan's fine, driving performance deserved a truer ending than is forced on it for the sake of safety.



THE JUVENILE DELINQUENT, Larry Thompson (Anthony Wager), Mr. Grainger (Frank Lawton), the village schoolmaster, who believes all his geese to be swans, the Rev. Howard Phillips (Patrick McGoohan), the young rector beset on every side by troubles, and Hester Byfield (Victoria Hopper), a pathetic subject of unrequited love, thrash their problems out to an exciting and dramatic climax



GREAT ACTRESS  
AS SEEN BY A  
GREAT ARTIST

MARGARET RAWLINGS, whose striking portrait by the celebrated Italian artist, Pietro Annigoni, is reproduced here, is to play the Countess, the part originally created by Edith Evans in *The Dark is Light Enough*. The production, by Richard Scott, opens at the Playhouse, Salisbury, on March 21. One of our finest actresses, Miss Rawlings, the wife of Sir Robert Barlow, lives in a farmhouse near Wendover, Bucks

Limelight

**Nelson touch  
at Bath**

THE Bath Festival, which is now in active preparation, as the agents say, contains one interesting experiment in its programme. Already there are feelers going out for a London presentation, after the architects' city has had its fill, of *The Battle of Trafalgar*, a pageant with a difference, staged upon the playing fields of Bath. The voices of the players will be those of Jack Hawkins, the commentator, and Nigel Patrick in the character of Nelson. The script is by Captain Jack Broome, R.N., who was the technical adviser for *The Cruel Sea*, and the production is by Moran Caplat of Glyndebourne.

Thus far it will be seen that the ice show technique is to be applied. Messrs. Caplat and Broome, however, are enlarging on the idea, using local amateurs, sixty scale ship models and every known and theatrical artifice of modern lighting. The effect should be an advance on the old military or

naval tattoo, and should do justice to a 150th anniversary to the delight, and possibly the surprise, of the shades of Horatio and Lady Hamilton.

M R. TERRY-THOMAS, one of those popular offsprings of TV and radio whose stock-in-trade is an engaging personality, is appearing briefly at the Prince of Wales as an actor, in his first swallow dive into the quasi-legitimate theatre.

The play *Room for Two* is an ageing, immoral little farce of the kind guaranteed to do good provincial twice-nightly business. If I had seen it at Goole or Bootle or Weston-super-Mare out of season I would feel extremely satisfied with my moneysworth. In the West End it shows up very creditably,



Nigel Patrick, as the voice of Nelson, and Jack Hawkins, as the commentator, are to re-enact the *Battle of Trafalgar* at the Bath Festival

largely from the work of the supporting actors.

Here is Bill Fraser, a first-class pillar of revue, playing a middle-aged silly ass, Bill Shine an underrated but exceedingly deft performer, and Beryl Baxter, missing no single point with which to score in the stalls or at the back of the gallery. This is not an intellectual evening, except for the most serious students of the commercial theatre.

FREDERICK ASHTON's third example of choreography this season is to be seen at Covent Garden on April 1st.

This is *Madame Chrysanthème*, a one-acter, based upon Pierre Loti's novel, published in 1887. Those who learned a deal of French from youthful study of this dear old hot-house decadent will look for this new work with an anticipatory sigh, and the more enlightened will attend either to listen to the fresher mind of Alan Rawsthorne, who has written the music, or to study the increasing diamanté brilliance of Elaine Fifield in the title role.

I hope that the late Lieutenant Louis Marie Julien Viaud of the French Navy, and the present ex-C.S.M. Rawsthorne of the Royal Army Educational Corps, are happy in their collaboration. If the management of our Royal Opera House really wishes to re-create the mood it will spray the auditorium with a mixture of Chypre and Quelque Fleurs for the occasion.

—Youngman Carter





## ROMBERG STORY ON THE SCREEN

THE film *Deep in My Heart* tells the story of Sigmund Romberg, the man whose operettas have become classics and include *The Student Prince*, *The Desert Song*, *New Moon*, and many more, all of them full of unforgettable melodies. Romberg is played by Jose Ferrer, and the film also stars Merle Oberon, Walter Pidgeon, Paul Henreid, with a host of guest stars. Right: Cyd Charisse and James Mitchell in a dance sequence from *The Desert Song*

## Television

### POLISHED TRIFLES

— Freda Bruce Lockhart

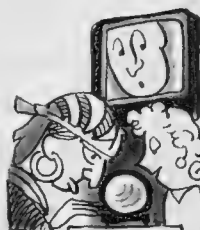
WHAT a loss to TV the passing of Gordon Daviot has been; or what a gain the four playlets discovered in her study after her death are proving. I don't suppose for a moment Miss Daviot—or Elizabeth Mackintosh as she was—thought of herself as a great dramatist on the strength of the lovely *Richard of Bordeaux*. But her two posthumous playlets so far seen have been the exact TV equivalent of "good theatre." Skilled craftsmanship, a graceful turn of wit provide good parts for good players and the kind of lightly polished diversion viewers all too rarely enjoy.

First, *Sweet Coz* brought back to notice that pleasing light-comedy actress Jane Baxter, with Bernard Lee. Then *Lady Charing is Cross* allowed Diana Wynyard to outshine even very unflattering camerawork and Neil Tummel to score as one of those uncouth, young, self-made politicians who used to be a funnier, less familiar type.

On Tuesday next *Cornelia* will star Andrée Melly, the very young actress who made such a hit in *The Moon is Blue*. Her leading man is David Markham, whose eternal student is my happiest memory from the Gielgud production of *The Cherry Orchard*. On all-round form then, I recommend *Cornelia* in advance.

MONDAY'S "At Home," chez Lady Barnett, may be expected to be more conventional than the hilarious evening at Peter Ustinov's. But viewers should be pleased.

An enthralling current curio programme is Jacques Cousteau's first-hand account of deep-sea diving work; another instalment on Tuesday.



## The gramophone

### TRADITION TELLS

THE focus is on Jack Parnell and his orchestra, which is becoming more and more popular as the years go by.

Not that Jack Parnell is a greybeard—anything but, though he has spent a considerable part of his adult life in the entertainment business.

There is a family tradition of nearly a century in this business in Jack Parnell's family. His grandfather, Fred Russell, still flourishing at the age of ninety-two, was a famous music-hall star with his equally famous ventriloquist's dummy "Coster Joe." His mother was the first person to dance the Charleston publicly in this country. His uncle Val Parnell is the king-pin of International Variety, so it is natural for Jack Parnell to be associated in some way with entertainment.

In a few days he is off on a £12,000 round trip to South Africa with his band, then back by air to fulfil an ever-increasing number of engagements in these islands.

LISTENING to his newest recording of "Shake, Rattle and Roll," and "Fanfare Boogie" may produce a clue as to the reason for his continued success. The band has attack, a distinctive style, and a beat that makes you want to hear more. The reputation Jack Parnell has been building is based on solid knowledge of his job and musicianship, and it is because of these attributes that he will be able to fly his kite to success in territory not easily receptive to jazz. Parlophone R. 3986.

—Robert Tredinnick

## At the Pictures

# Bouquet for Garland

**A** MORE appropriate title for Judy Garland's new musical film, *A Star is Born*, would be "A Star is Re-born." We first met Miss Garland in pigtails and socks as the charming child star of *The Wizard of Oz*. Then she donned her nylons and made the tricky step to grown-up stardom in films like *Meet Me in St. Louis*. Then she fell ill, disappeared from the screen and we were all sad.

Now this same talented person makes her third debut, more mature but with her stellar shine undimmed. We have had good value from Miss Garland's first two appearances in the ascendant. This third one looks and sounds just as good. The ardent voice and gamine charm are still there, plus a wider acting range.

**T**HE story of *A Star is Born* is the old Hollywood folk-tale of the great star (James Mason) discovering the little, unknown girl (Judy Garland). He gives her her chance. They marry. As she waxes he wanes until finally, just an alcoholic hindrance to her career, he snuffs out his own light. Do you remember crying over the same story played by Janet Gaynor and Fredric March? You can cry at this one, too, but it will make you laugh as well.

For the film takes some malicious and delicious swipes at the tribal customs of Hollywood. Since Miss Garland's acting bent is more in comedy than tragedy these are the best bits. Do not miss her in the make-up department where the experts, with the gravity of a medical convention, transform her from a brunette imp into an unrecognisable blonde hussy. Nor in her first part in which she is a faceless extra and has to wave endless good-byes from a train in a storm of snow and steam (she will keep showing her face, poor girl). Nor in the publicity department where they give her a new name but will not listen to her life story. Nor amid the horrors of public star-worship. This is Hollywood having great fun at its own expense.

**Y**OU will enjoy it when she comes home to cheer up her out-of-work husband with a burlesque in song, dance and mime of her current supermusical. For the sentimental there is "Born in a Trunk," autobiographical song of the Miss Gumm, child of stage parents, who later became Judy Garland. She sings plenty more, too, with gorgeous gusto.

James Mason plays heavyweight in the middleweight part of the dipsomaniac star and is determined to deliver every acting punch he knows. His Shakespearean sweep sometimes knocks Miss Garland into the background, but she can take it. It is a sometimes impressive performance. He makes a really terrifying drunk.

Jack Carson gives an entertaining portrait of the hard-boiled publicity man, who does

duty as the villain of the piece. Charles Bickford almost makes us believe that studio chiefs are saints at heart.

The film is directed by George Cukor and produced with all the lavishness of a loving husband by Sidney Luft, Miss Garland's real husband. It all goes to prove that Hollywood is often at its sentimental, sumptuous and satirical best in dealing with the subject it knows best—Hollywood.

**P**HEW! After I had spent two hours and seventeen minutes watching half a century of Sergeant Maher's career as a West Point P.T. instructor I felt grateful when finally President Eisenhower stepped in and forcibly retired him, thus bringing these tedious proceedings to a close. *The Long Gray Line* is long.

This is no reflection on the hard work of Tyrone Power and Maureen O'Hara, who extract several moments of humour and pathos from the heavily Hibernian script. Power, in particular, shows us his paces as a character actor, ranging from brash, Irish immigrant to septuagenarian sergeant who is father-confessor to generations of West Point cadets. The trouble is that the Americans seem to regard Ireland as a permanent music-hall act, and it's sorry it makes us all, begorrah. Why waste John Ford as a director on this sort of thing?

There is some splendid photography of West Point parades and ceremonies through fifty years of war and peace and that is the best that can be said.

**N**O doubt the Government's White Paper on the treatment of our prisoners in Korea had something to do with the sudden appearance of *Prisoner of War*, a film made some time ago on American experience of the same, unhappy kind.

The theme, we are repeatedly told, is "every man has his breaking point." This can happen under physical maltreatment or psychological pressure. The maltreatment is movingly shown—the forced marches, the undernourishment, the filth and the brutality. The psychological pressure is not so convincing. Oscar Homolka makes a frightening Russian Colonel but it is a stagey character. And the whole film is rather stagey, unfortunately.

The theme is made nonsense of at the end when we learn that the men who have broken down are, in fact, American intelligence agents infiltrated for this very purpose.

Steve Forrest and Robert Reagan give sound performances and the direction of Andrew Marton is often very much to the point. But these sufferings are so recent and so real that to exploit them for mere melodrama is somehow not right.

—Dennis W. Clarke



JUDY GARLAND makes a great success of Esther Blodgett, the heroine, in *A Star is Born*, the classic Hollywood story now to be seen in CinemaScope and Technicolor at the Warner Theatre. She plays opposite James Mason



TYRONE POWER AND MAUREEN O'HARA star in *The Long Gray Line*, story of an Irish sergeant and his family, whose lives centre on the U.S. Military Academy, West Point



LUDMILLA TCHERINA, the beautiful French ballet dancer, will be seen in a leading role in the Powell and Pressburger film, *Oh!! Rosalinda*, a story of Old Vienna based on Johann Strauss's famous light opera *Die Fledermaus*, now in production at Elstree



## OLD BERKS HUNT BALL RAISED A 3-WEEK BAN

THE Old Berkshire Hunt Ball was held at Pusey House, near Oxford, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hornby. Over 200 guests thoroughly enjoyed the evening, managing to attend the ball in spite of the snow and ice over the countryside, which had prevented the hunt from meeting for more than three weeks



Lord Burghley, Joint Master of the Old Berkshire, Mrs. M. Hornby, the hostess, Lady Burghley and Mr. Geoffrey Berners



Lady Elizabeth Clyde, who is the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, with Lt.-Col. J. Innes, who farms near Oxford



The Hon. Diana Herbert, a daughter of Lord Herbert, was sitting out with Mr. Wrigley, who had come up from the Cotswold country



Mr. Michael Hornby, the host, was dancing with Mrs. F. H. G. Higgins, who had come over to this country from Germany



Mrs. John Bisgood and Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Colling discussing the effect of the very bad weather on hunting



Mr. Fred Barker sitting out with Miss Sarah White. Their fathers are Joint Masters of the V.W.H. (Cricklade)



Capt. and Mrs. J. Hamilton-Stubber were dancing together. The Old Berkshire Hunt dates back to the year 1830



Mrs. Brian Adams and Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie were two keen followers who had come from London for the ball

Desmond O'Neill



D. B. Wyndham Lewis

# Standing By ...

FORM, as a thinker lately pointed out austere to a daily paper, is what prevents Rugger chaps from hugging and kissing each other, like Soccer chaps, every time one of them scores. The etiquette, as H. G. Wells remarked about the betrothal-rites of Wimbledon compared with those of Central Africa, is calmer. Yet, on second thoughts, is the Rugger social code invariably above criticism?

Like you, we've never seen the trickiest wing-threequarter even blown a kiss by his comrades after touching down a nifty try. A stern nod and a not-unapproving glance from steadfast eyes are rightly deemed sufficient. But as to hugging, we once saw a real big shaming hug at Twickenham. It occurred in a Services match after a terrific dropped goal for the Army by "Stiffy" Bashforth, the well-known international and Old Blue, and it came from a dashing Army scrum-half who turned out to be a girl named Topsy Dewhurst. She had taken the field in disguise to be in the thick of the fighting with her lover—an old British military tradition, if you recall the numerous female grenadiers in our rough Island story. We must say "Stiffy" looked pretty sick-embarrassed in Topsy's arms, poor devil.

## Afterthought

So, actually, did everybody else on the field, and cries from the stands of "Oh, I say!" and "Look here, sir!" showed that the public didn't much care for it either. However, no great harm was done and the game proceeded. But the incident left a nasty taste, and here, it seems to us, is the danger. Women play a good bustling game and tackle like demons, but they're unpredictable. See? *Unpredictable*—our own word, and probably a nice change from yours.

## Gambit

DESCRIBING the Race's perpetual weather-babble as a childish mania exploited by the Press boys ("the English are going soft"), a fearless sweetheart writing to Auntie *Times* didn't pause to ask herself what else the Race can find to talk about.

In the Pall Mall sector, we find, clubmen are strutting half derisively, half yearningly, being

well aware that if the weather-topic were ever abolished there'd be only one other way of passing the time in clubs—namely, lounging in the windows, appraising passing ankles and tearing women's reputations to shreds. The older clubs were in fact founded on this basis, if you ask us. All that appalling high play at White's and Brooks's and Boodle's in Regency times was the last resort of losers in the window-ballet. Fretting at the play-tables, frenetic chaps like Alvanley and "Golden Ball" Hughes guessed what they were missing from the cries in the windows, and went half crazy. This (for us) explains how Brummell, being impervious to ankles, won a few cool thousands at one sitting from an eminent banker whose mind (you know what bankers are) was elsewhere.

Ankle-watching, like birdwatching, calls for unremitting diligence and concentration. The two may be, and have been, combined; but only experts can do this.

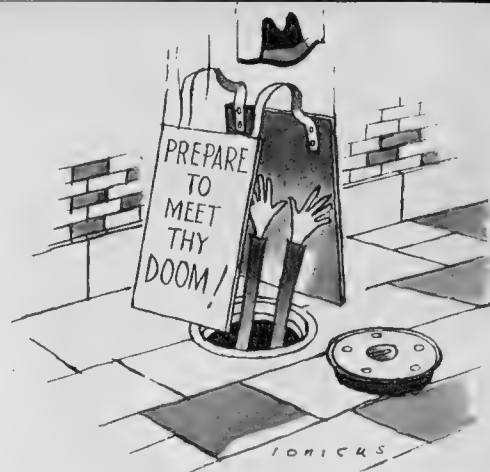
## Wuff

TO a truly ferocious dog-woman encountered at a party in the country last week we suggested that a special *matinée* for Britain's leading doggies should be organised at a London cinema which is reviving the Hepworth epic *Rescued by Rover* (1905), among other classics. She gave us a terrifying look and stumped away. We doubt now if our idea is a sound one.

Judging by the expression on the face of Rover, a large collie, as he receives the family's congratulations in the final sequence—of which we studied a "still" from a film-museum some time ago—his *morgue* would merely confirm Britain's most supercilious doggies in their opinion of themselves, which is sky-high. One would not go so far as to call Rover a snob, but after inquiries down our way we find that Major Rampole's Airedale, Harborough, suspects him to be not quite top-drawer—and Harborough, we may add, rescues the Major from something or other about once a week.

## Footnote

AT our request Major Rampole tackled Harborough seriously on this topic the other night. Their talk, noted verbatim by the Major, culminated as follows:



MAJOR: Then you don't actually imply that Rover is a bounder?

HARBOROUGH: I wouldn't say that. I suppose film-people are "different." It's not my style.

MAJOR: I suppose you know the Vicar describes that rather languid detached way you go round after pulling me out of the fireplace or the duckpond as "affected to a degree"?

HARBOROUGH (coldly): Typical.

MAJOR: Of course I've told him about that drunk Old Wykehamist you rescued when you were still a puppy. That forms a dog's style, no doubt.

HARBOROUGH: One finds it a perpetual inspiration. (Exit, gracefully.)

The substance of this talk, the Major tells us incidentally, will be developed in Harborough's TV address to the people of Britain on April 5 (Doggies' Mothers' Day).

## Strain

MUMBLING recently about the "apathy" of a West End audience, a critic seemed afraid to come out boldly with the figures. Of a given West End audience any night some 57.5 per cent are in a coma and some 7.5 per cent dead, a leading firm of actuaries has calculated.

This is due, a chap in close touch tells us, to the exhausting brainwork involved in figuring out who's who and what's going on in so many clever current plays, and the remedy obviously is to make the playwright boys do 90 per cent of the audience's work beforehand, as they once did, by clearly labelling each character (e.g., Mrs. Flirt, Sir John Brute, Lady Snake, Lord Fopling, etc.). Kindhearted chaps like Congreve and Wycherley went to even more trouble (e.g., "Sir Simon Addleplot, a Coxcomb, in pursuit of Women of great Fortune,"—"Mrs. Joyner, a Matchmaker, or precise City Bawd," etc.). Hence, given that some 75 per cent. of the old-time audience was stinko and had passed out before curtain-rise, the conscious minority had no excuse for that dazed, hopeless look you see in the stalls nowadays, revealing that the stalls have no idea if it's last Friday week or Finland.

You say they could go to sleep? There's often too much noise on the stage. You say they could go home? If they liked their homes they wouldn't be where they are, we guess. *Mumsie!*

~~~~~ BRIGGS ~~~~~



—by Graham



Miss Dilys Hamlett, of the Stratford Memorial Theatre, who played Phædra, and her husband, Baron Casper Wrede

Reading congratulatory telegrams: Mr. Jeffry Wickham, Mr. Jack Good, Miss Penny Hopkins and Miss Hilary Firmin



Mr. J. L. Steffensen greets four friends who had come to see this production at the School of Divinity. (Right to left) Mr. Tony Jaffe (St. Catherine's), Miss Virginia Kent (Somerville), Mr. David Wingate (Oriental) and Miss Pauline Griffith (St. Hilda's)

Mr. Christopher Johnson accompanied Princess Marie-Lyse Cantacuzene to the play's first night



Mrs. C. A. Trypanis, wife of Professor Trypanis, H.E. the Greek Ambassador, and Mrs. W. G. Barr



Van Hallan

## THE "OUDS" SCORE A CENTURY

FOR their one hundredth major production the O.U.D.S. have chosen the *Hippolytus* of Euripides, a courageous gesture, since this is one of the most difficult of the classics to stage to-day. In this instance courage has been rewarded with success in a production that is both original and startling in dramatic intensity. The major credit is due to the director Casper Wrede, who misses no opportunity to make an effect throughout the play, and the performance as a whole is one of superb team work, the Greek chorus being brilliantly handled.

The new translation by Kenneth Cavander, a Balliol scholar, brings out in full force and clarity the tremendous psychological insight

and bitter realism of the original Greek. Malcolm Pride's decor, though fundamentally bare in the classic style, creates the effect of warm Greek stone, while his designs for the grotesque masks, and richly-painted costumes, seem to personify in their vividness and contrasting colour the dramatic power of this first great tragedy of love. There are some unforgettable moments and several memorable performances, notably Jack Good as Theseus, Jeffry Wickham as Hippolytus and Dilys Hamlett as Phædra.

THE society returns to an old tradition of welcoming professionals to this production. The director, Casper Wrede, has been acclaimed for his Edinburgh Festival work, and the designer, Malcolm Pride, has worked for Stratford Memorial Theatre, Sadler's Wells, and designed the costumes for *Troilus and Cressida* at Covent Garden. Since the late '20's onwards the society's prestige has been high, and the list of distinguished theatrical names associated with it is long. Sir John Gielgud's first

production in 1932 was *Romeo and Juliet*, with Dame Edith Evans and Peggy Ashcroft. Others who have acted with the O.U.D.S. are Terence Rattigan, Vivien Leigh, Gwen Ffrangcon Davies, to mention only a few.

The actual founding of the society dates back to a certain meeting of the O.U. Philothespian Society in 1884, at which Arthur Boucher announced the formation of the Oxford University Dramatic Society. Their first production *Henry IV., Part I.*, was put on in the following May at the Town Hall.

Since then the majority of their plays have been either Shakespearean or Greek.

IN fact; this most celebrated of amateur dramatic societies, the cradle of some of the great actors of our time, can look back on a considerable list of achievements. None finer, perhaps, than this crowning hundredth performance at which such bold new branches have sprung out of the roots of seventy-one years of tradition.

—D.N.



## PORTMAN BEAT THE FROST

ALTHOUGH frost delayed the meet the Portman were able to move off to a late start when they met at Odstock. In spite of the bad weather, they have, by starting later in the day, still managed to get in three days a week. Here are seen Mr. Peter Coleman and Mr. Moore Stevens, with (on foot) Mrs. Kleyn, Mrs. Percival, Capt. Kleyn and Peter Kleyn, who has been an ardent follower since he was two-and-a-half



Victor Yorke

## At The Races

## CLUES TO SPRING ENIGMA

IN spite of so many of us writing chaps being fed to the teeth talking about the Grand National, a fact made patent by the amount of sheer padding that we are compelled to read lest we miss a grain of wheat in the bushels of chaff, the swift current of events is too much for us! It is just a case of *anagke*. Look that up in your lexicon, and it will compel you to remember why the Greeks had the right word for it!

I do not think that anyone, however clever he may be, knows the right answer to the Spring Double, the most baffling brace of events in the whole calendar of the racing and chasing year. We can only make a note or two of events as they flit past. For instance, here is one I have made about Goosander and Gigolo on that three-and-a-half-mile chase at Haydock—level weights, only a head between them, and either of them might have won.

In the Grand National Gigolo is in one pound better to Goosander. At Haydock Gigolo got in so close to the last one that he might well have fallen, and if it had been an Aintree fence, he certainly would have done so. However, this is merely one man's opinion. Conclusion: Gigolo beats Goosander in the National wherever they finish, both, of course, standing up.

NEXT case: The Queen Mother's M'as-Tu-Vu at Lingfield; called "a Grand National trial." Is there such a thing anywhere except over the Grand National fences? Of course not! It was just a very nice school, and M'as-Tu-Vu did exactly what was expected of him. Neither of the two that beat him are in the Grand National, and Royal Tan, the only one that could have told us anything, finished last of eight. I still believe that M'as-Tu-Vu will beat more than him on March 26th, and the only thing that one can regret is that he has not a coachman on his back who has had more experience of this particular course, however good he may be. It is a place that wants knowing, and no one can ever have enough knowledge. How some of us wish that we had had a chance of having a go, and how we all hope that it will never be really altered, because,



if it is, its whole nature will be destroyed. It is a stiff course, no one has ever denied it, but it never has been what a lot of people have said that it is!

In all this welter of blue noses and frost-bitten ears, which has, at the time of writing, afflicted so many of us, we do not extend half the sympathy we should to the poor trainer, who has got to get something ready for either the Lincoln or the National which, quite possibly, may be badly in need of that last bit of French polish, which is usually necessary.

THE trainer of the jumper is in rather worse case than his brother of the flat. How could he send a horse a real searching school over fences when the ground was iron hard and as slippery as a slide? Yet he had to do something to keep those jumping muscles supple and ready to take the strain of even the ordinary steeplechase course, to say nothing of Aintree, where they are necessary to compete successfully with thirty fences, average height 5 ft., and a yard in width.

It is very considerable when we think it out. No horse can get in close to any Aintree fence and buck over; he has got to stand well back, that is, to take off sufficiently far in front to enable him to clear the great height. Even if he does not fall, brushing through the tops of these stout obs. puts a big drag on him which may add up to the loss of a length. It has also to be borne in mind that there are 4 miles 856 yards of this sort of thing. Supposing he loses a length at each of twenty-nine, that adds up to quite a long distance. The water does not count.

—SABRETACHE



*Copp, owned by Mr. Charles Allan from Athy, Co. Kildare, with A. O. Prendergast up, winning the Leopardstown Steeplechase*



*Pat Taaffe, the champion Irish jockey, with Lt.-Col. Rowly Byers, the owner, and Mr. Tom Dreaper, the trainer*

## “NATIONAL” PROMISE AT LEOPARDSTOWN

IN spite of the heavy going, Mr. C. C. Allan's Copp ran a fine race when he won the £1000 Leopardstown Steeplechase of 3 miles 5 furlongs and placed himself as a favourite for the National next to Tudor Line and Quare Times, greatly fancied for the big race



*Mrs. Charles Allan and Mr. Allan, owner of Copp, talking to the Earl of Donoughmore from Clonmel, Co. Tipperary*



*Left: Mr. Vincent O'Brien, the trainer, with Major Cyril Hall, the Aga Khan's manager in Ireland, and D. V. Dick, who rode Royal Tan at Leopardstown*



*Mrs. Pat Grubb, the owner, from Co. Tipperary, and Mrs. Pat Grey, a former Hon. Whip to the West Waterford Hunt*

Fennell





## GREAT-HEARTED MINIATURES

TWO figures from French history are commemorated in the Miniature Books, *Napoleon Banished* and *A Door Must Be Either Open or Shut* (the latter by Alfred de Musset), from which the accompanying illustrations were taken. The Rodale Press publishes these small but pithy and immaculately produced volumes at the price of 5s.



## Book Reviews by Elizabeth Bowen

### WAR OVERTAKES A CYNIC

WITHIN the decade following 1918, Germany gave forth two major novels which as criticisms of war made an impression on the world. *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *The Strange Case of Sergeant Grischa* have survived their time, and are still read. To say that post-war Germany of this second era has been poor in war novels may be incorrect—but it is, at least, my impression that few have reached us. Or, that none so far have been on the scale of those named above. This makes the appearance of Gerhard Kramer's *WE SHALL MARCH AGAIN* (Cape; 15s.) the more interesting.

*We Shall March Again* seems unlikely to appeal widely. Astringently written, without pathos, it contains no one sympathetic character—and only one, a Frenchwoman, who is quite heroic. Its hero, though a soldier, never sees action: he ends, with the fall of Germany, by deserting. His name is Velten; he is a Berlin lawyer who as an army interpreter has temporary officer status—this, at least, is the case when the story opens. Later, due to an indiscretion and a chain of circumstances which follow, he finds himself a private soldier bound for the Eastern Front. From then on, his adventures are to be devious.

VELTEN is cynical and detached—a man of the world, not unprincipled but without clear ideals. At the start, he takes war much as it comes: and, indeed, what could be more enjoyable than his first golden weeks in occupied Paris? Unlike other Germans, he knows his way around; he had lived a considerable life here before the war. An unexpected meeting with Corinne, with whom years ago he had had a love-affair, is, however, to draw him a little beneath the surface: for the first time, Velten begins to think.

By degrees, a deep repugnance sets in. He revolts not against the violence of war but against its corrupting effect upon humanity. Of this, he sees evidence on every hand. His fellow Germans, intoxicated by power, dizzied by the ease of the first victories, are no less shocking to him than are the collaborationist French, with their wiles, their accommodations and their betrayals. (The Paris chapters are, though they make grim reading, brilliantly done.)

Later, the shadow of the Gestapo falls upon himself: his fortunes take a less kindly turn. The rest of the war he sees from a different level. And to the miseries of the Polish border is to be added the consciousness that he remains a suspected man.

Yet he is, as it turns out, one of the lucky ones.

THIS novel abounds in dire scenes, often gross enough, and made not less painful by the atmosphere of fatalism which pervades them. Herr Kramer deliberately lays his effects on thick. He has been wise, I think, to make his central character a man not by nature easily moved. Nor is Velten's spiritual evolution ever dramatically complete. One never is drawn to Velten, yet one comes to respect him as, gradually, decency asserts itself.

The shock of the news of Corinne's death



Gabor Denes

CATHERINE GASKIN, young Australian author of the novel *Sara Dane* (Collins; 12s. 6d.), is seen outside the R.N. College, Greenwich, in whose Maritime Museum she did a great deal of the necessary research for her new book

(a martyr to the Resistance cause) acts on him strongly. Open-eyed, he is to witness the last vain stand before the advancing Russians; then the disintegration which is to follow. . . .

If a further document against war were needed, in *We Shall March Again* it is to be found. We gain, too, considerable insight into the mind of Germany. Nor is the sinister implication of the close of the book—or, indeed, of the title—to be ignored.

★ ★ ★

ADOLESCENCE is a perpetual subject. Why? Can it be that few of us quite forget it, or even that few of us ever quite outgrow it? Few of us, it may possibly be, arrive at being so wholly adult as we'd once hoped. In Marianne Becker's *THE DIARY OF AN UGLY DUCKLING* (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.) we are shown, brilliantly, several weeks of life through the eyes of a gawky teen-ager—in this case, French. Our more than articulate Cra-Cra is fifteen: she has no confidante but this breathless diary. "Home" is in a Paris suburb. Father is a doctor, mother does not love her (nor she mother).

Cra-Cra is inclined to think of herself as doomed—she misses trains, has to make do with her sisters' dresses, gets left out of things, pointedly, by her school-fellows. But the bad days really set in with the loss of Blackie—oh, the heartbreak of the search for that missing puppy! Cra-Cra now goes thoroughly off the rails. She hacks her hair off with nail-scissors to annoy her mother (who had once too often called it "her one beauty"). She squabbles with Madeleine on account of Freddy. And, left alone with her father during a summer holiday (Mama has removed the elder girls to Biarritz) she takes to opening and reading the doctor's love-letters. These, moreover, she transcribes into her diary.

Mysterious, broken-hearted "Mademoiselle C." (who begins writing the day after Mama has left home) and radiant though illiterate young Anne soon people Cra-Cra's imagination. And she looks, of course, at her father with a new eye.

Is Cra-Cra a little monster? One more than half comes to think so—and so does she! But how deliciously, how in a way tenderly, and with what an absolute lack of mockery she has been created for us. The inordinate embarrassments, the crises, the outsize daydreams of extreme youth have seldom been better rendered. Mlle. Becker's book is totally original, and of its kind a masterpiece. It has been well translated.

[Continued on page 554]



## ARTIST WHO PAINTED THE FRONT BENCH

*Howard Coster*

EDWARD ARDIZZONE, A.R.W.S., whose original water-colour drawing of the Prime Minister addressing the House of Commons from the Despatch Box is receiving such justly high praise, has proved once again his consummate talent for combining fancy with good drawing, a rare combination in a creative artist. He has illustrated many books and was a war artist, when he produced many striking sketches in the Western Desert, where he soon became a familiar and delightfully unmilitary figure. His hobbies are walking and cooking





F. J. Goodman

## A Spanish effect for cool evenings

*This thick, white wool scarf, also by Rima, with hand-worked bobble embroidery and a fringe, is just what is needed on a summer evening to throw over your silk dress. It costs 12 gns.*

A CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

# "Dear Sir"

*—We beg to offer a little dress which because of its design and price is likely to prove a spring winner*



**C**ERISE-PINK patterned in white, this charming pure silk afternoon dress by Atrima is called "Dear Sir" in reference to the shorthand pattern of the fabric. We picked it as our Choice of the Week because it seemed such a madly useful frock to have in one's wardrobe. Paris inspired the long, close-fitting body-line, the pockets set at hip level and the box pleating of the skirt that springs from below them. We chose it also for its price, £13 19s. 6d., which for a pure silk dress of such thickness and weight strikes us as astonishingly low. Channele of Knightsbridge have it, and also the enormous hat of natural Leghorn straw by Renée Pavy, which underlines this season's passion for a really big hat. It costs about 14 gns.

by MARIEL DEANS





A romantic black dress from Fenwicks, of Bond St. Its huge skirt, worked with a sweeping sideways movement, and strapless bodice, are made of pure silk chiffon ruched between flat bands of grosgrain

## *Evening glamour for a small dinner party*

SOME of the very prettiest clothes we have seen this season have been dinner dresses—those charming and adaptable little frocks that never look dressed-up but at the same time have that touch of formality, and gaiety, that turns a very small occasion into a party

—MARIEL DEANS

(Below) A full-skirted dress made in white-spotted, pewter grey poult by Mercia. Notice the way the cap sleeves are slashed at the shoulder to produce a rounder and softer outline. There is a little jacket to put on over it. Marshall & Snelgrove, of Manchester have got this dress



Woollands, of Knightsbridge, have this narrow sheath of coffee-coloured lace topped by a high, Empire bodice of matching taffeta. A huge taffeta bow gives important width at one side



(Right) For grander evenings—a wonderful dress of white lace worked in shallow scallops over narrow bands of palest pink velvet. The long, closely-fitting bodice is boned. The skirt has its own, wide stiffened petticoat. It comes from Chantelle of Knightsbridge





*Right:* Mallard's wonderful cerise-pink feather hat with apricot-coloured feather-leaves all over it. This hat was shown with several of Ronald Paterson's excellent models during the recent dress shows



*Top right:* Yellow is an important colour this spring. Here is a flower-like hat composed of a whirl of burnished gold petals by Edward Harvane

*Top:* "Geisha," a cocktail hat by Harvane made of pale pink goose feathers, a bun of white swansdown and a band of rhinestones

## Flowers and Feathers

SPRING hats this year seem more charming than ever. Large and small, they use glowing colours and soft, becoming materials to flatter our faces, after a trying winter, into summertime good looks

—MARIEL DEANS



## *Black and white to stress a dramatic entrance*

A LONDON dress-designer (writes Mariel Deans) provides two party dresses very different in mood and material, but linked by the elegance that always lies in the extreme of contrast

This charming, taffeta-lined, strapless frock by Phyllis Taylor, with its own cover-up stole, is made of black and white printed Hawarth cotton. From Debenham & Freebody's Small Women's Department

Black and white embossed faille makes this slim-skirted cocktail dress, also by Phyllis Taylor. It has a big black velvet bow at its wide neckline and sleeves that come just below the elbow. Dickins & Jones are retailers of this dress







This "music printed" towelling is very gay, colourful and "hey-nonny-ney." It is priced at 15s. 11d. a yard, from Selfridges



## *Singing in the bath*

WITH the approach of spring comes the urge to buy new things for the home. Here we show you the very latest designs in bed linen, towels and other household accessories, all of which are highly original and extremely decorative

—JEAN CLELAND



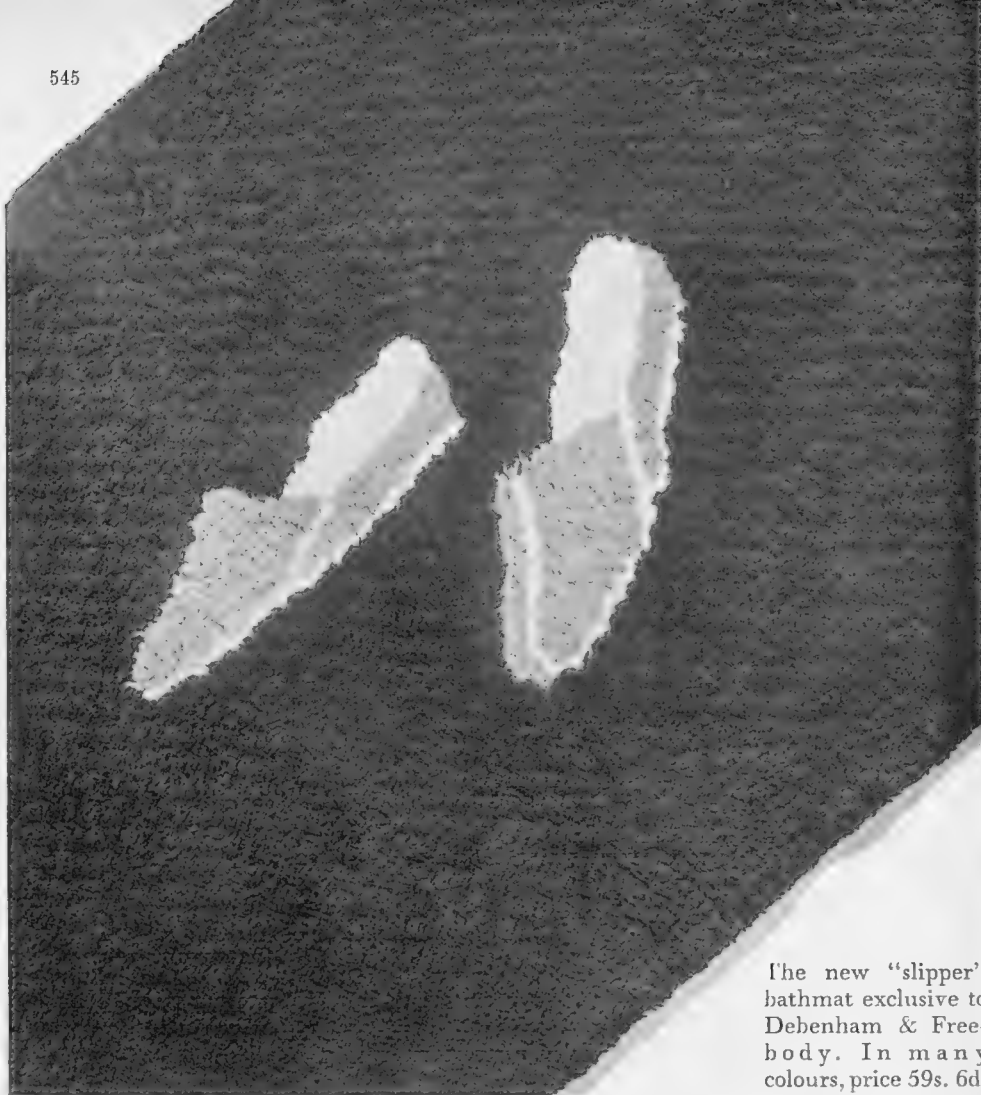
Left: child's personal bath towels, embroidered with head and name. Price £1 2s. 6d. each they may be had from Fortnum & Mason



Right: White bath towels with lovers' knots. From 10s. 6d. to £4 11s. 6d. Bath mat £1 12s. 6d. Face squares 3s. 6d. to match. From Fortnum & Mason



Above: Lovers' knot design on a sheet set. Available in blue, green, rose and mauve on a white ground. Single bed, £8 2s. 6d. Double bed, £9 7s. 6d. Fortnum & Mason



The new "slipper" bathmat exclusive to Debenham & Freebody. In many colours, price 59s. 6d.

Dennis Smith



The Mill-Trio Coffee Mill will grind sufficient beans to make several cups of coffee, which being stronger is more economical. Nuts, sugar, lentils, bread, rice and cheese can be ground in exactly the same way. From Harrods, price £5 9s. 3d.

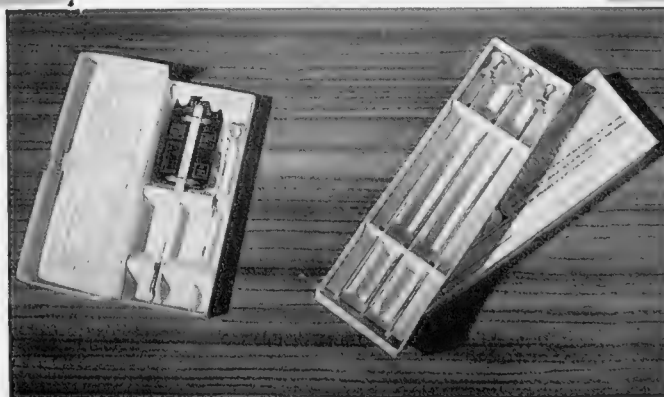
## Shopping

### *A variety of new home comforts*

Below: The Zecol roast meat thermometer aids perfect cooking by testing the temperature inside the meat. Harrods, 10s. 6d. The new duralumin meat rods (right) ensure even roasting when stuck into the centre of the joint. Set of three, 7s. 6d., also from Harrods



The Walter Ozoniser ventilates rooms and keeps them fresh. It is plugged in and left running until the sea-breeze smell of ozone is apparent. Then switched off. Price £5 14s. 6d. (small model), £9 5s. 3d. (larger size). Harrods have it in stock





## Beauty

## Look as young as you feel

Jean Cleland

**A** LETTER from an elderly lady living abroad is the inspiration of this article. "I am," she said, "over seventy, and have been away for some years. Soon I am coming to England to pay a visit to my relatives, and see my old friends. I read your articles in The TATLER, and am interested in the various treatments you have been describing. Do you know of any one in particular that would benefit an older woman like myself. The climate here has made my skin very dry, and I am determined while in England to try and get it into good condition again. I would be so grateful for your help."

**I**s this frivolous? Decidedly no. Splendid. No nonsense from her about being too old to bother. When women say this, my reply is brief and pointed. "Rubbish, it is never too old to bother." Indeed it is, as the years advance, that we have to bother, if we are going to do what a dear old man once described as "making the best of a bad job."

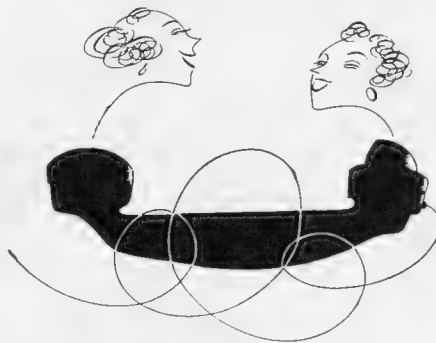
Any number of older women today are making an excellent job of their looks. And why not? If they are young in heart, with *joie de vivre*, youthful enthusiasms, and plenty of interests, why should they not do their best to keep young in appearance? It is all part and parcel of the same kind of spirit.

**F**OR those who are interested—like my correspondent—I have been seeking a really good and beneficial treatment for the older type of skin, and have found one which I consider excellent, designed as it is for the purpose by Charles of the Ritz. An outstanding feature of it is, that while a certain amount of stimulation is done, a skin that is not so young must not be treated too briskly. What it needs is "feeding" with lubricating oils, and with preparations that help to give back the natural moisture. It must be soothed and coaxed. In short, it must be gently cherished.

Charles of the Ritz have preparations specially created for this purpose, all of which

can be had for use at home, together with directions as to how they should be applied. If a professional treatment can be had, so much the better, and this is what takes place.

As in all treatments, the face is first cleansed with one or two types of preparation; "Feather Touch" for the normal skin, and "Dry Skin Cleanser" for the extra dry skin. Whichever is chosen, it is worked right into the skin with movements designed to stimulate the circulation gently and gradually. When this has been done, the cleanser is removed with tissues, and the skin wiped over with "Skin Freshener" to remove surplus oils, and leave it cool and fresh. Just a little patting is done, and this only under the chin and along the contours.



Next follows an important part of the treatment. Massage with a "Super Rich Cream," specially designed for the double purpose of feeding the skin and building up the underlying tissues.

**B**EING wonderfully soft, "Super Rich Cream" is particularly valuable to the ageing complexion, since it liquefies directly it is applied, and thus causes no stretching. It seeps right in, and has a very beneficial effect on lines and wrinkles.

After the massage, a "Revenescence Mask" is applied. This can best be described as a quick pick-me-up for removing the dull look which besets the face when one is feeling tired. Pads soaked in eye lotion are placed over the closed lids, and the mask left on for fifteen minutes (according to the sensitivity of the skin), during which time the client is advised to relax completely so as to rest both the body and the nerves.

At the end of the rest period, the mask is removed with Skin Freshener on pads of cotton-wool. Revenescence Cream is then applied, which is important, since it is this which restores the natural moisture to an ageing skin.

**D**ELICATE and natural-looking make-up is a feature of the Charles of the Ritz treatment. First step is a touch of "Sensitive Skin Foundation." If a tinted foundation is required, then an appropriate shade of "Liquid Veil"—with a non-drying oily base—is applied. Next comes the rouge in a delicate shade to flatter grey or white hair. In addition to this, a rich bland eye cream is patted very gently on to the skin round the eyes.

Over the foundation a hand-blended shade of powder is patted on, and the powder is specially mixed to suit the individual needs of each client. The various shades contained in the mixture are then noted on a card for future reference. If the client desires the same shade of powder at some future date, she has only to apply to the salon for the card, which she can then present to any representative of Charles of the Ritz, in whatever part of the country she may be.



Some of the preparations used in the Charles of the Ritz beauty salon whose excellent creams are specially created for easily followed home beauty treatment

## Helena Rubinstein tells her own personal beauty story!



"I have used Hormone Treatments  
for over thirty years"

● Acclaimed as one of the greatest beauties of her time, Madame Rubinstein has held world leadership in the beauty field for over 40 years. Today she is twice a grandmother, leads a business and social life that would tax a person half her years—and the famous complexion she had as a girl is still the envy of her contemporaries. *Now* she tells her own personal beauty story.

"I discovered, years ago, that in the body, estrogens play a vital role in filling out and smoothing the skin's surface. But more important, I learned that nature's estrogenic supply tends to diminish past thirty. I knew then that scientific preparations would have to be devised to replace this loss.

"After years of research in my world-wide laboratories, I developed Twin Youthifying Hormone Creams and Estrogenic Oil. Rich in penetrating vitamins and hormones, they are the factor that has kept my own complexion soft and smooth for over 30 years". And Helena Rubinstein's skin *is* lovely.

Here's what Madame Rubinstein advises. Mould Hormone Night Cream into your face and neck, each evening before you go to bed. It will give your skin the help it needs, replenishing stolen oils and moisture while you sleep. Wake your skin tissues with Hormone Day Cream every morning. These rich emollient creams feed the skin tissues, penetrating deep into the pores. Twin Youthifying Hormone Creams (Day and Night) 71/3.

● FOR DOUBLE CARE—use the creams on your face and specially refined Estrogenic Oil (27/-) on your throat, where it is particularly effective for crêpiness and extreme dryness. And in the morning, spread a few drops of Estrogenic Oil on your face and throat before make-up. It literally vanishes into the skin, leaving no trace of oiliness. Both the oil and the creams give your skin the help it needs, replenishing stolen oils and moisture, bringing a dewy freshness to your complexion. If in doubt, visit our London Salon. Or ask our trained consultants at your favourite store. Helena Rubinstein, 3 Grafton Street. London, W.1. Paris. New York.

## Helena Rubinstein

L O N D O N · P A R I S · N E W Y O R K



Peter Scott Sportswear—knitted and fully

fashioned—is made in styles from classic to

charming in a variety of textures\* and in a

rainbow of colours.

\* Pure Cashmere Knitwear

is back in most good shops

... though rather elusive!



Name of nearest stockist gladly sent on request

PETER SCOTT & CO LTD · HAWICK · SCOTLAND



## THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED...



*Harlip*  
Miss Virginia Jane Duke, daughter of the late Mr. W. F. Duke and of Mrs. M. M. Duke, of Melton Court, S.W.7, is to marry M. A. M. (Mico) Duc, of Johannesburg, son of M. and Mme. Duc, of Lully sur Morges, Switzerland



*Harlip*  
Miss Anne Patricia Panter, daughter of Mr. A. R. Panter, and of Mrs. E. Panter, of St. Albans, Herts, is engaged to Captain David Alastair Carrie, the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. M. Carrie, of Farnham Lodge, Burnham, Bucks



*Fayer*  
Miss Jean A. Hills, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. John and Lady Rosemary Hills, of Crossways, Bradfield, Berks, is engaged to the Hon. Henry E. C. Willoughby, The Coldstream Guards, younger son of Lord and Lady Middleton, of Birdsall House, Malton, Yorks



Miss Caroline Mary Burder, younger daughter of Sir John and Lady Burder, of Swinbrook Manor, Burford, Oxon, is to marry Major Philip Fielden, M.C., The Royal Dragoons, second son of Lt.-Col. E. A. Fielden, M.C., and Mrs. Fielden, of Court of Hill, Ludlow



The Hon. Grania Wingfield, only daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Powerscourt, of Powerscourt, Co. Wicklow, is engaged to Mr. H. R. H. Langrishe, son of Sir Terence Langrishe, Bt., of Knocktopher Abbey, Co. Kilkenny, and of Lady Langrishe, of Wentworth, Surrey

*Fayer*  
Miss Sarah Peake, elder daughter of Brig. and Mrs. Roger Peake, of the Manor House, Little Missenden, Buckinghamshire, is engaged to the Hon. Thomas Jasper Manners, youngest son of Lord and Lady Manners, of Tyrrell's Ford, Avon, Hants



*the name*

*of authority*

*in furs*

**Bradleys**

2 WELBECK STREET, W.1

Broadtail coat designed and made by Bradleys



**ROBESON—DE ROTHSCHILD**

Mr. Peter D. Robeson, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Robeson, of Billingshurst, Sussex, married Miss Renée Louise M. de Rothschild, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. de Rothschild, of Ascott, Wing, near Leighton Buzzard, at All Saints, Wing

Fayer

**THEY WERE MARRIED****WRIGHT—WALDEGRAVE**

Mr. Ernest George Wright, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Wright, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, married Lady Sarah Carolin Waldegrave, daughter of the Earl and Countess Waldegrave, of Chewton House, Somerset, at St. Mary Magdalene, Chewton Mendip

**ARNOLD—TAYLOR**

Mr. Vere Hugo C. Arnold, son of Mr. V. A. Arnold, M.C., and Mrs. Arnold, of Ardmere, Great Barrow, near Chester, married Miss Geraldine M. H. Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald H. Taylor, of Woodpeckers, Delamere, Cheshire, at Delamere Church

**GOULDER—KEMBLE**

Mr. Terence R. Goulder, son of the late Mr. D. Goulder, and of Mrs. Goulder, of Wingfield, Englefield Green, Surrey, married Miss Shirley D. M. Kemble, only child of Cdr. K. Kemble, and of Mrs. Hampden-Ross, of St. Owen's, Jersey, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

**ATTLEE—HENDERSON**

Mr. M. R. Atlee, son of Mr. C. R. Atlee, O.M., M.P., and Mrs. Atlee, married Miss Anne B. Henderson, daughter of Mr. G. Henderson, of Kirkcaldy and Fordell Castle, and Mrs. Henderson, of Edinburgh, at the Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons

Fashion right on the spot,  
in a two-piece of fine wool,  
its elegant simplicity smartly  
contrasted with lining, cuffs,  
and sash of spotted silk.  
Navy or grey in sizes 38 to 42.  
35 gns.

*Model Gowns—First Floor*



*Woollands*

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1  
SLOane 4545



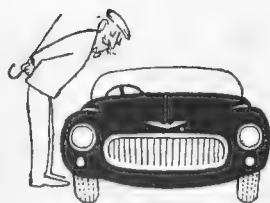
## DESCENDANT OF MOTOR PIONEER

MR. H. G. STARLEY, deputy managing director of the Champion Sparking Plug Co., is a great-grandson of James Starley, to whom is erected a monument in Coventry as the inventor of the differential gear which made motoring possible. Mr. Starley has just been presented with a silver replica of the memorial to mark twenty-five years of service with the Company



### Motoring

## What Harold needed



SINCE the B.B.C. constituted itself an unofficial and unpaid advertising agency for the Automobile Association, I have felt some compunction in referring to the activities of that august body. But I do not grudge the A.A. the advertisement they receive from the B.B.C. In proof of which I am going to refer to the celebration of the Guards-to-Hastings run of 1909.

With the co-operation of the War Office the A.A. in that year conveyed a battalion of the Guards to Hastings to show that the motor-car could be useful in military operations. This year Guards (all in period uniform) are again to be conveyed over the same course by veteran cars. The date will be March 19 and I believe that the show is to be ended with a parade on the sea front at Hastings.

ALTHOUGH writing long before the start, I feel doubts whether the Royal Automobile Club's argument that the R.A.C. Rally this year is a "family affair" will help its prestige. The facts of life are that family affairs are not generally regarded as affairs of great sporting or technical interest. The idea conjured up when the word "family" is employed adjectivally is that of something which is morally meritorious, quiet and almost certainly comfortable, but in which there is little fierce and effective competition.

It is pleasing to see husbands and wives competing in these events. But their common participation, however connubially convincing, has nothing to do with the prestige or sporting merit of the event. However, this publicity emphasis was only a minor psychological diversion on the part of the R.A.C. and I hope that by now we shall have seen that a Rally in which there is a "family" element will still succeed and still prove of international note. Of the outcome of the Rally and all that, I shall hope to say more at a later date when

there has been an opportunity of analysing the results.

THE Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation has issued a request for views about the speed limit in the London area. The views are to be for the benefit of a special sub-committee set up by the London and Home Counties Traffic Advisory Committee. If the ordinary driver who uses the roads every day in this region were to put his

views on speed limits to this sub-committee they would not be repeatable here. But, of course, the views asked for are not from ordinary drivers and people who really know the conditions and have no axe to grind, but are from "associations and other bodies representing local authorities, trade and industry, road-users and others specially interested."

In short, we shall have the old gang again putting forward uninspired and useless opinions, while the man who drives every day of his life in London traffic and who has been doing so for more years than the Ministry or the Minister can remember, will not be heard. My feeling is that it is time we put an end to the farce of these sub-committees.

A VAST planning effort is now being undertaken by the clubs to facilitate Continental touring this season. There are the three Continental tours, in June, July and September, sponsored by the Sunbeam-Talbot Owners' Club and there are the special trips—to which I alluded a short time ago—for the big race meetings including Le Mans.

There is no real difficulty about the new road rules in France for they mean simply that the driver should use the horn even more sparingly than in England (Paris is not the only place with the new regulation) and that as much attention should be paid to speed limits as here.

What still makes motoring in France so much better than in Britain is the central fact that nobody in that liberal country regards motor-car driving as a criminal activity. Moreover, there is none of that highway robbery which distinguishes our own conditions. Exorbitant fees are not charged (as at London Airport) for being allowed to park on a piece of waste land and, if one leaves the car in a city, there is never any sign of that useless hanger-on who shuffles up as you prepare to leave in order to obtain a tip for doing precisely nothing. Escape to the Continent is for the motorist escape to happiness.

—Oliver Stewart



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## Book Reviews [Continuing from page 536]

### Impersonation on the high seas

WILLIAM WOODS's *Manuela* (Rupert Hart-Davies, 9s. 6d.) again follows the fortunes of a young person. But this is a sea-going story. On a day in September, 1898, the Conway Castle, of Bristol, is anchored half a mile out of Bahia—"City of the Saviour they called it, a town full of parrots in cages and monstrous white churches on every street. . . ." Aboard, in charge of the Maltese first engineer, is brought what purports to be a Brazilian lad, eager to work his passage to England. Prothero, the captain, scents something fishy, but ends by taking "Manuel" on as ship's boy.

So the Conway Castle sails—with a leaky boiler, a rusty bottom. And it's four thousand miles into Bristol. And what's to become of that leggy girl, who, in her pink cotton frock, with her long black plaits, had caught engineer Costanza's eye that enchanted morning ashore in Bahia?

How long can she preserve her disguise? And that hard bargain struck with Costanza, to get her aboard—will he enforce it? Manuela, orphaned, has had an English father. She is infatuated with the idea of "home."

At sea, in the course of a midnight uproar, comes about the discovery of the "boy's" sex. Prothero, storming at Manuela, discovers not only the strength of his own passion



Clayton Evans

SOPHIE WYSS, the soprano, has recently sung her hundredth first performance of a new work. She is married to Capt. Arnold Gyde, of Heinemann's, the publishers, and lives by the riverside at Hampton Court

but her hero-worship, and considerably more, for him. The days and nights in his cabin, the storm, the loss of the ship, the terrible days in the boat are wonderfully told.

Inevitably, in reading *Manuela* one recalls Conrad—only that master, one might have thought, could have created such complex characters as Prothero and Costanza, or set the scene so fatally and so truly. Yet Mr. Woods has brought to his book something austere and poetical of his own. Short, as novels go, this gem of a tale is literature.

*The Novels Of I. Compton-Burnett* (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.) is an excellent study, by Robert Liddell, of the works of that very great writer—whose latest novel, *Mother And Son*, was reviewed in these pages two or three weeks ago. This commentary, and to an extent guide, is to be recommended. Any readers who have, up to now, found Miss Compton-Burnett, because of her originality, at all "difficult" may be helped to make a fresh, and simpler, approach; while those whose appreciation has reached the full will all the more enjoy this discussion. Mr. Liddell spends a certain amount of time gunning for Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson, who has also written a book about Miss Compton-Burnett; otherwise, he makes most workmanlike use of his few pages.

SINCE the early Old Rugbeians with a fanatical faith in the merits of their conception of football, "rugger" men have ever been keener on "getting on with the game" than on writing about it. Conscious of this and concerned that the recollections of ageing veterans should be captured for future players, the governing body decided to publish an official *History Of The Rugby Football Union* (Playfair Books, 18s.) and commissioned as author Mr. O. L. Owen, a sporting journalist whose personal recollections cover over half a century.

The facts and figures, the personalities and dramas of the Union's eighty-three years' history are woven into a lively narrative, supplemented by comprehensive appendices for ready reference. Mr. Owen has ranged far beyond his title; he has travelled back to trace the development of the game from the Roman *harpastum* through the violence of medieval carnivals to the organized football played at Bigside under Dr. Arnold, the zeal of old Rugbeians like Pell in spreading their game, and the eventual separation into Rugby and Association camps.

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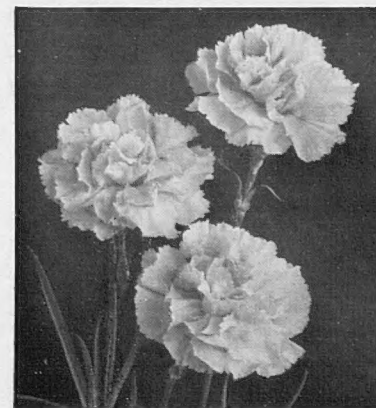
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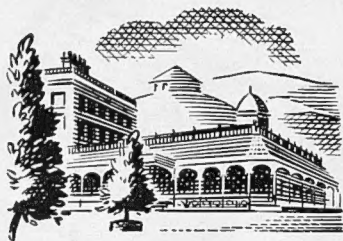
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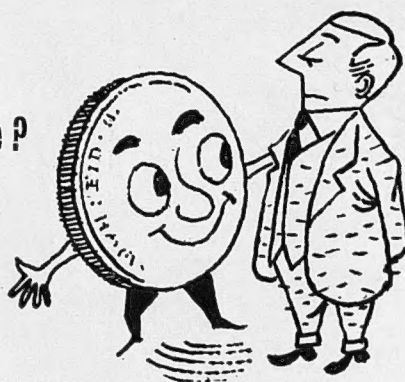
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